

SIX FOOLS



ROLLO FRANKLIN HURLBURT



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SIX FOOLS

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TO MARY MY WIFE



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FOREWORD

GRUFF, gloomy, pessimistic, dyspeptic Thomas Carlyle once described the population of England as consisting of so many millions, who were mostly fools. Carlyle must have been suffering from one of his numerous attacks of indigestion when he gave vent to that savage utterance, or possibly one of his sleepless nights had somewhat disturbed his mental equilibrium. From whatever cause the explosion came, his percentage is confessedly much too high for the number of fools in England's population or in that of any other civilized country. If we receive, however, the generally accepted definition for a fool, that he is a person deficient in judgment, who acts stupidly or absurdly, or pursues a course contrary to the dictates of wisdom, then we must admit that fools form a considerable number in the population of every civilized land. Something over a hundred times the word

“fool” is used in the Bible, and it is an exceedingly interesting study when we come to inquire into the root-meanings of the word. In the different contexts, where the various terms for the English word “fool” are found, it means, in the original, an evil person, a boaster, a self-confident one, an empty fellow, a contemptible individual, a villain, one who is thickheaded, thoughtless, unwise, heedless, or rebellious. So true are the Scriptures to universal human experience that whenever we read the references to fools in the Bible or come to study their several individual histories, their portrayal is so vivid and so true to human nature that we somehow feel the various writers must be describing flesh-and-blood existences in this twentieth century rather than men and women who lived thousands of years ago. We find that the modern kinds of fools are like the Bible types: boasters, bragging of their great exploits; wise in their own conceit, but superficial and vacuous; indifferent to life’s greatest and best opportunities; imprudent and rash, careless and improv-

ident; wicked and base; and rebellious against the laws of God and man. In the chapters of this book the author has nothing to do with the professional fool, the jester or buffoon of the sixteenth century of English history. Such was a person of quick wit and ready repartee and a capital story-teller, appearing quite conspicuously in Shakespeare's plays and dressed in fantastic garb of most gaudy colors. He wore upon his head a pointed cap trimmed with small bells, that tinkled as he walked. This fool was kept by persons of rank for the purpose of making sport and furnishing entertainment to while away the often tedious hours of court routine. He finds his modern counterpart in the circus clown of to-day. The writer does not treat of weak-minded or of idiotic people, nor of insane persons, all of whom are sometimes called fools. The Scriptures and the larger book of human life show that multitudes of people most finely endowed have turned to the ways of folly and have gone down to destruction. Some of the most clever people intellectually

have, like Saul, "erred exceedingly and played the fool." The sad tragedy about it all is that those who, through their own willfulness and stubbornness, have refused to look at things in their true and right relations, have turned deaf ears to all counsels of wisdom, and have made evil choices, have at last come to themselves only after the hardest and the most bitter lessons learned in the rough school of experience. Some see, after the years with all their golden opportunities have gone, how they might have succeeded only after success has been finally forfeited, and after their last chance to win has been forever swept away. The common apologetic and often smiling comment on recklessness in youthful character is that it is only a case of sowing wild oats. People frequently refer to the sowing of wild oats as lightly as they speak of measles as one of the unavoidable diseases of childhood. But the young person, who indulges in that sort of seed-sowing is bound to reap sooner or later the harvest of the same kind of worthless tares and noxious weeds of

wickedness. In many personal instances after a complete moral reform, it has been found that there still continue in the doomed physical body the undermining effects of even the few years that have been spent in sin. Many a constitution that has broken prematurely and many a death date on the tombstone that has antedated God's own good time belong in the harvest of wild oats. As to the kinds of fools that receive attention in this book, we discuss those who, refusing to grapple with the hard tasks that make manhood, compel classification with the invertebrates. Another class considered are the obstinate, opinionated, and self-centered, who decline to accept the good counsels of those older and wiser than themselves, and who are rewarded according to their folly. Another group treated are those who trust to the attractions of external adornment rather than to the sterling worth of moral qualities, and who as a result come to inevitable degeneracy of character. Investigation is given to those who starve the soul to fatten the purse, who grow rich in the abundance

of the things which they possess, but become atrophied, inactive, and inert in the exercise of all the powers of the higher and better nature. A study is presented of those who pride themselves upon their great intellectual ability and force of will, who claim that for this reason they can give free rein to appetite and passion, who maintain that they will always continue to be their own masters in self-control, yet who make an utter wreck of life and character. Last of all a view is taken of those most shallow and empty of all who question or deny the existence of an Intelligent First Cause. It will be seen that the teaching in these pages comes not only from the direct study of the type of fool that is under consideration, but also from reference to contrasting characters of goodness, virtue, and excellence. It is sought to make the folly of the fool all the more evident by considering also the wisdom of the wise.

I

THE YOUNG FOOL

A fool always finds a greater fool to admire him.—*Boileau.*

The fool is happy that he knows no more.—*Pope.*

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend!
More hideous than the sea-monster art thou,
When thou showest thyself in a child!
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

—*Shakespeare.*

I

THE YOUNG FOOL

THE ten great laws, which furnish the foundation of all modern jurisprudence, were written originally on two tables of stone. Jewish tradition holds that upon the first table were engraven the first four commandments, that embody man's duties to his God, and that upon the second table were recorded the last six, that include the duties of man to man. It is uncertain whether the Decalogue was thus divided as to the two tables of stone, but it is evident that the Ten Commandments fall naturally into these two logical divisions: duties to God and duties to man.

Why should the commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother" have been given the first place among the duties of man to man, and thus seemingly emphasized as the most important in the second division of the Decalogue? All human

government began in the family. He who created us as moral beings made us to dwell together in mutual dependence. "God setteth the solitary in families." The germ of all authority lies in the relation of parent and child; in the care that the child calls forth, in the weakness of infancy, and in the natural parental and filial reverence that springs perennially from the human heart.

Turning back toward the beginnings of history, we behold the patriarch Abraham dwelling in his tent with his children. We see this household expanding into tribes, yet still linked in a bond of brotherhood, and still honoring and reverencing the father of them all, who is their sheik, priest, and head. We discern in this household the foundation of the Hebrew commonwealth. History repeats that same early chapter in the beginnings of the Roman empire, and in the tribes of the Arabs of the desert to-day.

One of the wisest of English jurists, in his work on ancient law, has said, "Society in primitive times was not a collection of

individuals; it was an aggregation of families." The law of the household was thus supreme among all early peoples. Filial reverence was the foundation upon which was erected the superstructure of the state.

The parental relation is the type of God's relation to us, and in the filial relation we find the type of our duties to God. Obedience is the foundation of all effective and righteous government. We here notice the close relationship between the human and the divine, for obedience is especially urged as a duty in the family. What God is to us in the parental sense all should be to the children that bless the household.

The family relation is the source of all order, the foundation of all government, the inspiration of all industry, the fountain of all thorough, permanent, and harmonious development among men. The constitution of a state may be faulty; but if it is composed of well-regulated families, it will be well managed. A country's theory of political government may be of the best; but if its family relationships are

not based upon the divine plan and order, it is never far removed from anarchy.

The fifth commandment is intended to have a broader scope than simply the promise of a long life individually to the child that honors his parents. Some children who honor their parents die young. Yet virtuous living always tends to longevity; and we believe that honoring father and mother will tend to lengthen the life of an individual child, both naturally and by the blessing of God. But the chief burden of the promise is long life to a nation in which children generally honor their parents. This is evident from the peculiar phraseology of the commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The Israelites had been given the land that had been promised them, and, like them, other nations have had their lands assigned to them. "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the bounds of their habitation."

This fair land in which we live hath been determined as the bounds of our habitation; and the length of time that we and our descendants shall dwell here as a flourishing people will depend largely upon the preservation of the family as one of the institutions of Christianity, upon our obedience to the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

We learn from the history of civilization that no people who have adhered to the law of the family and of the household have ever degenerated or have been subdued so as to be lost, and that no nation which has loosened the holy restraints of the family circle has been for any considerable period of time vigorous and growing.

China is the oldest nation on earth, embracing a fourth of its population. Is it not a wonderful coincidence that the Chinese, with a civilization more than three thousand years old, are more remarkable for the obedience and reverence shown to parents than for any other quality of character? Chinese children honor

their parents as long as they live, and through the rites and ceremonies of their ancestral worship they perpetuate a grateful religious remembrance of them after death. Is not this a plausible and a reasonable solution for the problem of the wonderful preservation of the Chinese civilization for so many centuries? The principle contained in the fifth commandment was one of God's great truths long before it was given to the world in the Decalogue. Although the Chinese have given an unconscious obedience through the centuries to a truth that had not been revealed to them, yet their obedience has received its due reward.

A proper regard for parental authority lies at the foundation of all continuity of national life, and this foundation is undermined if parental authority is defied.

This commandment presupposes in the parents themselves qualities of character that are in every way worthy of honor. The very command "Honor" involves the possession of high moral attributes in those who are to be honored. Paul in his letter

to the Ephesians emphasizes this thought where he says: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise." We can readily see that the principle here given applies with equal force to both classes involved in the statements. Parents cannot educate their children according to the highest standard of morality and not themselves be exemplary Christians. The child may give obedience in many things that are for his own good to parents who are not as upright as they should be, but he cannot honor his father and mother most highly unless they are inherently worthy of the esteem and reverence manifested. He cannot give to them the highest degree of honor and reverence unless his daily pathway is illumined by the radiance that comes from the noble manly and womanly qualities of their Christian character and from the environment of a Christian home. No stronger feeling is to be found in the heart of a father and mother than the desire to be

worthy of the honor and love of their children. Many a man who is himself the victim of some odious habit will plead most earnestly with his children to abstain from the same evil practice, and for the sake of his children he will be nerved to extraordinary efforts to conquer himself. Many a man has emancipated himself from the degrading habits of drunkenness in order to secure the respect of his children and to promote their welfare. Even should such a man not succeed in the struggle to break the chains of his thrall-dom, still it would be the duty of his children to honor him as their father. They should endeavor to rescue him from his habits of vice, and at the same time seek to withstand manfully the evil influence of his bad example. If this duty be clearly taught in cases of real degradation, how impious it is for a son or daughter to fail in respect for parents on account of their ignorance or poverty.

Ancient story has preserved for us a beautiful tradition. When, thirty centuries ago, the city of Troy was sacked by the

triumphant Greeks, Æneas, spurning all the treasures of silver and gold and other valuables, that he might have taken with him, lifted upon his shoulders his aged father Anchises, whose wisdom and affection constituted for him a priceless inheritance, and bore him away to a place of safety. Æneas, by this act of filial love won the admiration of foes and friends. He well deserves the descriptive title of the "pious" Æneas which Virgil gives to him, and in his unceasing devotion to his father he is a noble example of filial affection for the young men of our day.

What a remarkably vivid picture of filial gratitude and ingratitude is that drawn by Shakespeare in his tragedy of King Lear. The poor old king is deposed from his throne and is driven forth without a crown and without a kingdom. He is scorned and scoffed at by his inhuman daughters, Goneril and Regan, who at last turn him out of doors into the darkness of a stormy night. The very elements seem to have conspired against him, and

he regards the beating of the storm as in league with his unnatural daughters. But his Cordelia, even after he had deeply wronged her, is still most faithful to him. Cordelia, who is the most beautiful creation of filial devotion that Shakespeare has presented in his works, is ever tender, true, and steadfast.

Some parents of wealth develop their children in flabbiness and uselessness by removing them from contact with all difficulties. Kept busy with the playthings of a continuous kindergarten, they remain infants in character as long as they live. Having nothing of the arduous toil that makes strength of purpose, naught of the intense struggle that makes the mental and moral fiber of giants, and none of those mighty barriers to overcome that make heroes in life's conflict, they develop into dudes instead of men.

A rich boy born in a mansion, with a multimillionaire father, is cared for by a French nurse. He is rocked to sleep upon pillows of eider down and is dandled in the lap of luxury. He is fitted for college

by a private tutor, and never learns in early life what it is to measure his own mental and physical strength with other boys of the same age. He is then sent to some one of the big Eastern universities and is bolstered up by paid tutors, who for so much an hour cram him for his periodical examinations all through his college course of study. He then travels abroad for a while, and comes back home labeled as "finished." He has been learning up to this time as his chief occupation in life how to kill time most agreeably to himself. What do you have as a result of all this petting and propping up? You have a great big overgrown baby—that is all. Suppose this rich young man's father fails suddenly, loses all his money, and his precious dude of a son is compelled to shift for himself. Then put him by the side of another young man of the same age, who has learned his costly lessons in the hard school of adversity, and he will be left so far in the rear that he will be pronounced as distanced in almost the first mile of the race.

Thomas Carlyle, in his *Sartor Resartus*, devotes an entire chapter to what he calls "The Dandiacal Man." The English dandy is what is known among us as the American dude. Mr. Carlyle settled down to a scientific study of this character, and this is his definition: "A dandy is a clothes-wearing man, a man whose trade, office, and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse, and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of clothes wisely and well: so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress."

The dude never seems to have learned that success in life is something more than playing substitute for the wooden dummy used by merchants on which to display their latest suits. The contents of the head are more important than the cost of the hat. Truth is of more consequence than the style of trousers. Quality of character is better than "quality clothes." A man's salvation does not depend upon the make of his shoes. There is a wide remove between the young man, of com-

mendable good taste, who dresses neatly and attractively, without making dress the chief aim of life, and the young man whose decalogue, creed, and confession of faith all relate to the wearing of clothes. People of good common sense are quick to discern the difference between the man who lives to dress and the man who dresses to live. The dude is so occupied with the outer husk of things that he gives no thought to the inner substance. He has a contempt for all kinds of hard work, and looks down with disdain upon all those who are obliged to earn their living by the sweat of their brow and the labor of their hands.

Shall we call the dude a man? We may be compelled to acknowledge that he belongs to the human species. But as we have looked upon him and his class we have thought with Shakespeare's Hamlet:

Some of Nature's journeymen had made men,
and not made them well,
They imitated humanity so abominably.

The leisure class is rapidly increasing in

our land. We sometimes feel compelled to ask, "Are we in the next generation to have a race of dudes rather than a race of men?"

Oliver Goldsmith never uttered a greater truth than when he said,

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

God's method of planning and working for us should be our method of planning and working for our children. A far older law than any in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* makes it mandatory upon every man, whose brawn or brain can add anything whatever to productive industry, to contribute to the values of the world according to his ability. It is every man's duty to do this independently of the question whether his circumstances compel him to do so or not. Having parents, who are able and foolishly willing to supply fully all of a young man's wants does not excuse him from the obligation of earning his own living. Willingness to be thus supported by his parents beyond the age when he is able to care for himself

will eliminate the manliness and obliterate the self-respect from the soul of any young man who degrades himself by becoming an inert and passive recipient. Parents cannot make any greater mistake than to support a son in trifling indolence. That father and mother who are held back from compelling a son to go out in the world and make his own living are dominated by a weak and false sentiment. Neither legacy nor inheritance brings the higher values to the soul's possessions; they must be paid for in the coin of self-denial and self-sacrifice. The child of the wisest man cannot receive his knowledge from his father as a heritage; he must toil to acquire his alphabet, spelling, reading, and multiplication table by the side of the offspring of the most ignorant. His mind must be gradually trained to larger tasks just as the father's intellect has been slowly disciplined to meet successfully, and to solve, great problems. His growth into the intellectual power of the parent is conditioned upon a like intensity of mental application. The most eminent saints can-

not give to their children the graces that they have acquired only by the stress of toil and conflict. The child to gain them must pass over the same rough road of arduous labor and strenuous struggle. Jacob's character reached its richest maturity only after he had gone through the darkest agonies of trouble and heart-breaking sorrow. Joseph's wise statesmanship and lofty benevolence came as the direct fruit of the bitter persecution of his own brothers and his confinement in an Egyptian dungeon. The Pauline character is the fruit of the successful struggle with a Pauline environment. In character-building God always stands ready to give brass for iron, silver for brass, and gold for silver. When God wanted a man to lead the chosen people out of their bondage, he might have bestowed at once upon the one whom he selected every gift and qualification that were needed for the large task. But instead he chose the man and then put him through eighty years of training and discipline before he placed upon his shoulders the responsibility of

the great work. Moses must esteem the reproach of Christ as greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. He must be willing to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Giving up the ancestral palace of the Pharaohs for a home in the desert wastes, and leaving the association of princes and kings, he must keep company with sheep in the wilds of Arabia. But under the divine alchemy his silver was transformed into gold. How small and worthless were the things that Moses relinquished when compared with the infinite values that he received in return! He gave up dependence upon goats and sheep and camels for the riches of an abiding faith in the living God. He surrendered all his rights as an adopted son of the Pharaohs, that his name might become embalmed in history for all time. He yielded up the brief companionship of earthly kings that he might receive the tables of stone from the Omnipotent God and share with Christ in the glories of the Mount of Transfiguration. He forsook the

transient attractions that were within his grasp that he might have the everlasting company of the King of kings. He renounced the heirship to the throne of Egypt that he might become the leader and deliverer of God's chosen people, the originator of a new era of government, the source through whom there should come to the world its best and wisest laws, and the author of some of the most illustrious books in all literature. He abandoned all his claims to a petty kingdom that he might become preeminent among the great statesmen of all time. Difficulties are the invitations that come to us to amount to something. If it were in accordance with the divine purpose to develop us in limpness and feebleness, then these obstructions would all be taken away from us. Then there would be no obstacles to surmount, no enemies to fight, no troubles or trials to distress in life. But because manhood and character are to be won we are to face these hindrances that lie before us; we are to take hold of them and conquer them.

The Almighty Father wants all the power that we have; so he is interesting himself in the development of all the mental and moral strength that we possess. All the rugged mountains that we have to climb, all the surging rivers that we are called upon to cross, all the foes without and the foes within that we are called upon to face everywhere, mean development. They are all in the divine plan for the perfecting of human character.

Why all the heartache, why all the arduous toil? Why was not every truth made self-evident to begin with? Why has the human race been pushed on through all its long and agonizing struggle for the truth through all these thousands of years? Why were not this truth, that truth, and the other truth all written out in plain and easy script, and then put here and there in little boxes and all plainly labeled, so that all we would be obliged to do would be to go to the proper box and find the truth waiting for us, and get it in all its simplicity, without any effort upon our part? This is Lessing's answer: "Did the

Almighty, holding in his right hand Truth, and in his left Search after Truth, deign to proffer me but one, I should request Search after Truth."

God saw the possibilities of development in the human race, and so, instead of leaving us in our intellectual and moral babyhood, he planned for our growth into the largest moral and intellectual power. We are given this opportunity to search after the truth, and to struggle for it, in order that we may grow up in all the graces of a strong and stalwart character. We are made strong for holding the truth, after we get it, by climbing after it and struggling to reach it. All those who shrink from the weariness that goes with the intense effort, who do not agonize for the possession of the truth, never will be able to hold it after they get it. The truth is not true enough to them to stay with them, and they themselves are not true enough to the truth lovingly and desperately to attach their lives to it.

We find, in the lazy view of life that prevails in some places, that some people

at times get to wondering why man, when he first appeared upon this earth, did not find already here steamboats upon the lakes and the rivers and in our ocean harbors. Why did he not find railroads and telegraph and telephone lines, and the great engines of fire and steam, ready to carry his enterprises to the ends of the earth? They wonder why there should have been so many long years of waiting for the printing press, why there should have been such a vast amount of weary blundering as that which preceded the invention of the telephone and the phonograph. Why could not Adam have found the telephone ready for his use in the Garden of Eden? Man's great work is not the manufacture of steamboats, of railroads, of telegraph and telephone lines, of printing presses and of phonographs. Man's great work is the development of human character; and he has been led to make steamboats and railroads, to build telegraph and telephone lines, to invent printing presses and phonographs and aeroplanes, not only that he may develop commerce and civilization,

but above all that he may develop himself. Man has been brought up along these lines of material development in order that he may be led out into the larger places along the lines of spiritual development. A strong and matured character comes from the development of these powers within us through the difficulties that we find around us. Life is a succession of battles, a continuous warfare. We have to fight with contending forces from the cradle to the grave. The questions are often asked: Why was life made so hard? Why should men be required to toil so terribly? Why should we be called upon continually to confront such mighty opposing forces? It is this constant contest that is the very making of man, the very making of society. Without this ceaseless conflict we would become weak, puny, and powerless instead of strong, noble, and heroic. We would become the merest pygmies without the possibility of ever maturing into mental and moral giants. All the masterly inventions that now bless the world are but the fruits of this mighty

struggle, the weapons that men have contrived to help them in fighting the great battle of life. Much of our best literature is but the outcome of efforts made in this unending combat with the forces that oppose. Many of our noblest poems are but the passionate expressions of truth that have been wrung from the human heart in the stress, the struggle, the agony of life's battles. Many of those who have done so much to teach and to inspire the world by their famous works, if they had been nursed in the lap of luxury, would have lived lives of inglorious ease and fruitless indolence. Deprive mankind to-day of all those products in inventions and in arts, in science, in philosophy, and in literature which we owe to that stern necessity which has compelled men to exercise their physical and intellectual powers to the utmost limit of endurance, and the world would be despoiled of its richest treasures.

That masterpiece in English literature Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" contains a thought with

which I do not agree, where the author speaks of "The short and simple annals of the poor." Much rather should he speak of the long and splendid annals of the poor. The families of the poor have opened their doors to our thought, and have given to art, to poetry, and to literature, to discovery, to travel, to science, and to all reform the best and the noblest men and women that the world has ever known. Genius has often rocked her children in cradles of poverty, and the eye of the future has always been able to find the true leaders of mankind under thatched roofs and on beds of straw.

Whatever may have been his early circumstances, Paul, the Christian and the great apostle to the Gentiles, was poor and a tentmaker. Shakespeare was poor, and if he had been rich, he doubtless never would have given to the world his immortal plays. Ben Jonson worked with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket. Sir William Herschel, the eminent astronomer; John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer; and Richard Cobden, the great English

statesman, were poor. Martin Luther, Patrick Henry, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Horace Greeley, Charlotte Cushman, Rosa Bonheur, Maria Mitchell, and Louisa M. Alcott all sprang from the ranks of the poor. Make out a list of the most prominent business men, the most noted lawyers, the most distinguished physicians, the most eminent preachers, the most conspicuous statesmen in our land to-day, and then strike off from that list all those who began life as poor boys, obliged to make their own way, and they would outnumber the born aristocrats ten to one.

Poverty is only another name for opportunity, and it means to the person who has in him the stuff out of which men are made the opportunity to pluck victory out of defeat; the chance, in the face of obscurity or ill health, or amid the cold environment of a chilling indifference, to fight one's way to the front and to win. Any young man who is discouraged because of his poverty should remember that he belongs to that long and illustrious lineage of the poor whose glorious his-

tory illumines all the centuries that are past.

Assuming that one's parents are Christian at heart, in purpose, and in their vision of life, it is evident that obedience to the fifth commandment must lie at the basis of the truest and the most abiding success. The one who disobeys this commandment not only dishonors the father who has provided for him, and the mother who has so tenderly cared for him—which is certainly a black enough sin in itself—but he walks directly across one of the great laws of God. Yet there are young lads who actually think that it is a manly thing to disobey their parents, who are “not going to be bossed about by the governor” nor “held in leading strings by the old lady,” to use the contemptible language so frequently applied to parents by the young American of to-day. They may speak most contemptuously of their fathers as “the old fool,” but the world's verdict is that they themselves are the real fools. There are numbers of young men who talked just that way who have

been shut up in a room a good deal smaller than the one in which their parents wished them to stay before they went so very far in life, a room that was lighted only by one little window in its iron door, and no latchkey with which to go in and out at their own free will. Staying out against the will of one's parents often leads to staying in altogether, and that behind bolts and bars.

The lack of wholesome restriction in the home life points the way inevitably to future possible disobedience to the laws of the state. The boy who grows up in the household having his own way in everything, a law unto himself, with all the money that he wants to spend, often matures into the lawless character, with whom the state must have a reckoning after a while. Prison restraint is therefore often necessary for those who in their young life have been brought up without home restraint. Many a father, while growing rich in acquiring property, has become a pauper in the deterioration of the character values of his children. He has

started in business completely given over to the one idea of money-making. This one dominating ideal has through the years absorbed all his time and energy. He has found it much easier to buy off his son with free indulgence and plenty of money than to sacrifice upon him any of his valuable time. So, while he has built up his great, increasing, and successful business, his son has become a fool.

A man who worships mammon himself cannot teach his boy how to reverence and to worship God. If a man's business ethics is full of sharp practice, deceit, and misrepresentation, he can never expect to be able to teach his offspring the New Testament standard of ethics. No father can teach his child integrity, love, and truth when he shows out dishonesty, hate, and falsehood in his own life. Antichrist in the living example of the father often means a life against Christ in the conduct of the son. A father may teach his son the Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, and hear him recite them glibly by heart; but it is his own daily

life that teaches the eternal verities of righteousness or bears witness against them.

The Scriptures place the larger responsibility upon the father as the head of the family, in the proper rearing and training of the children. God is represented as speaking of Abraham: "I know Abraham, that he will command his children and his household after him; and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." When Joshua, after the conquest of the promised land, had set up the monuments in Gilgal, he said: "When your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones? Then shall ye answer them." The duty of instructing the children in the history of their people was not delegated to the mothers, to the schoolmasters, nor to the priests, but it was placed upon the fathers in Israel. The Pauline admonition holds the father as responsible by precept and example for the rightful bringing up of the children: "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

We are living in times when this truth needs greater emphasis than has ever been given to it before. Numerous fathers in this generation are shirking their duty in the control, the training, and education of their children. In multiplied instances the mother is doing all the work which pertains to the moral culture of the children in the home. It is frequently the case that the father feels that if he is known as "a good provider," if he contributes a liberal sum of money for the support of the children, and pays the household bills promptly when they come in, he has done all that could be expected. Meeting the obligations incident to the home expense account is the smallest part of a father's duty.

Multitudes of children who have been brought up in commodious and luxurious homes but without a father's wise and thoughtful supervision, and who as a result have made moral failures when they have come to years of maturity, would have had an infinitely better chance for happy and successful careers if they had

grown up in poverty, but with a father's strong and watchful care. Upon every side may be seen the wrecks of families that have been brought on through having only a nominal father; and it is a ruin that can be traced directly to the lack of a thoughtful, guiding, and directing fatherhood.

In the actual tragedies of everyday life we often read the same sad story. Here is the picture that is frequently seen in real life: We behold a happy family, with father, mother, and three little children. The eldest of the children is a boy, bright, intelligent, and quick to learn, the pride of his parents' hearts. All their hopes are centered in him. Every wish of his boyhood is gratified. He grows up having his own way, pampered, petted, and spoiled. The first stepping-stone that leads the way to that boy's ruin is the over-indulgence of his parents. Receiving too large an allowance, it soon becomes evident to all that he has altogether too much spending money for his own good. He begins to show unmistakable signs of recklessness be-

fore he is twenty. Out late at night, keeping bad company, extravagant, profane, he drinks and oftentimes to excess. He frequents the gambling hell, and the house of her whose "feet go down to death, whose steps take hold on hell." Father expostulates again and again, but is roughly answered. Mother weeps and sisters plead, but it is all in vain. The riotous excesses of that young man become in time matter of public conversation.

It is the same old story of the wages of sin, of the downward road that leads to destruction. Luxury has bred dissipation, and at last that loved boy goes out from that home, under the awful domination of sinful appetites and debasing passions. He commits a crime for which he is tried and convicted, and he serves his sentence in the State's prison. Some day there flashes over the wires to that home the message informing them that their only son was shot and instantly killed in a saloon in a drunken brawl.

One of my college mates was the son of one of the most distinguished and most

eloquent preachers that ever stood in the Unitarian pulpits of this country, the pastor for a number of years of the most prominent churches of that denomination in Chicago, Boston, and New York. The young fellow's academic knowledge was of the sort that had come from absorption rather than from studious application. He had a bright mind, could acquire easily, and many a time his quick wit helped him out with an unprepared lesson. He was very companionable, and we were all soon calling him by his first name. How well do I remember Levin! He was polite, ingratiating in his ways, and his genuine kindness of heart made him at once a general favorite among the students of that institution. But when he came to us he was already under the bondage of an appetite that enslaved him. He often drank to intoxication, and every now and then he would go to a neighboring town and enter upon a spree that would last two or three days. The faculty bore with him as long as they could for his father's sake. But at last forbearance ceasing to be a

virtue, he was expelled from the institution. The president of the college informed the father of the expulsion of his son, with the full reasons for the action. He received in return a draft for the full payment of all his son's bills, and was requested to settle all of them personally, not giving any of the money to the young man himself. He was instructed to purchase for his son his railway ticket clear through to Boston, and to give him only money enough in addition to pay for his meals on the way. That father closed his letter with these pathetic words: "I have no fault to find with the action of the faculty, for it is a just one. My son had his own way too much when he was young, and was given too large an allowance. I sent him to you in the vain hope that with different surroundings and new associations he might be induced to lead a new life. But I fear that he is wrecked and ruined beyond all recovery. God only knows how much I have already suffered for my wayward boy, and what I may be called upon to suffer in the future." Five

years after that I one day picked up a Chicago daily paper and read in the Associated Press dispatches from Saint Louis that the night before Levin had been shot and instantly killed in a drunken brawl in a Broadway saloon. It was not long after that that his father resigned his pulpit, retired from the ministry, and after a short time spent in retirement he died. It has ever since seemed to me, who had this chapter from the inside history of that brilliant man, that he died of a broken heart.

Young men who start upon careers of vice to-day very often begin with a desire to throw off the home restraints and to cut loose from what they term the old-fogy notions of Christian parents; but in the after years there comes to them the vision of themselves and the mother that stood there in the open door to say good-by as they went forth to make their own way in the world. That mother may have been one of the old-fashioned kind, who never had been one hundred miles away from home, who never had seen any large city,

who never had had any special social or educational advantages. That mother may have been one of the old-fashioned class, whose range of reading was not wide, only her Bible, the little town weekly newspaper, and one religious paper, who knew nothing about the most recent famous novel and little concerning the actions of that circumlocution establishment down in Washington, our national Congress, with its ever-present problem, "How not to do it," and yet at the same time to keep the people thinking that "something's doing" at the seat of government. There arises in after years the vision of leaving that home and that mother, and the man may then remember how in his youthful conceit he really pitied that mother, in the narrowness of her vision, in the limited range of her opportunities, as he said to himself: "Now I am going to have my own way. Father and mother and home have held me in long enough. What is really mine I am going to have from now on, and I am not going to be chained down any longer by home restraints and by old-fogy no-

tions." But there is the mighty current of the strong influence of moral power, of sturdy integrity, and of noblest Christian character that flows forth from that home, which in the after years is always appraised at its true value.

At one of the greatest art exhibits ever held in this country I once saw a painting that riveted my attention. Now engravings of this masterpiece are often seen, but then the picture was new. I refer to Hovenden's "Breaking the Home Ties." No other work of art in all that large and splendid collection attracted so many people and held them so long as did this wonderful home scene. No one who ever saw this picture could ever forget it. It is simply the picture of a boy leaving home. You see the living room of a humble home, scantily furnished, the dress of the inmates being of the plainest kind. There stands a mother, with her hands upon the shoulders of her boy, looking into his face as only a mother can look, and giving him parting words of counsel, as he is leaving home and breaking the

ties that have so long held the family together. The boy is holding his old felt hat in his hand, that is hanging down by his side. His clothes are outgrown, ill-fitting, and faded. A sister of some twelve years of age is leaning against the doorpost and looking sadly at the departing brother. Sitting at the breakfast table, from which the dishes have not yet been cleared away, is the old, white-haired grandmother, with such a gentle, tender, wistful look in her dear, sweet face. An older sister, apparently about eighteen years of age, is sitting in the rear part of the room with downcast eyes and sorrowful face, her hand resting upon the head of an old shepherd dog beside her, looking as if he too shared in the general sadness of the occasion. The stage driver is standing outside the door, with whip in hand, waiting for the passenger. The father has seized the old carpet satchel, in which the boy's worldly effects are carefully packed, and is going out, because his heart is too full to remain in the room.

You glance over the picture and you

start to go on, but you stop to take another look, as if chained to the spot by the spell of some strong magic. You look at the boy with his honest face, and you say to yourself, "What a noble looking boy!" You gaze upon the mother with her yearning look of love, and you say, "What volumes are in that mother's face!" Seldom, if ever, have you seen such expressiveness pictured upon the canvas as you see in that mother's face. It touches a chord that vibrates in every soul. Everybody seems to say, "Surely I know that face"; and then it flashes upon the mind: "That is my mother." If you had stood there for a long time, as I did within that corridor in which that painting hung where I first saw it, you would have seen strong men turn away again and again and bite their lips, endeavoring to gain control of their emotions, or hiding the tears, that were starting from their eyes. All around you people were saying: "Ah! how that picture carries me back to the years gone by! That is my home and that is my mother." You look again at that mother's

face, and all the past, present, and future seem to concentrate there. All the care and anxiety of a mother's heart seem to have leaped into her face at this supreme moment in one grand effort to impress that boy with the greatness of a mother's love. You see the agonies that she has suffered; the sleepless nights of weary watching by the bedside of her sick loved ones, the unrequited years of toil. You also see a touch of motherly pride in a noble boy; surely his strong and manly face would make any mother justly proud. But above all you see an indescribable suspense depicted in her countenance. Her eyes seem to be looking into the future; and that entire panorama which she sees floats before you as you study that face. Hell from beneath is moved to meet that boy. Demons are dispatched to plot his destruction. Nets are already spread for his ruin in the gilded palaces of sin. All this seems to be written in that mother's face.

When you think of the constant mighty impulse toward righteousness which the

love of such a mother will always be to that boy, you conclude that he will never be the "fool that despiseth his father's instruction," that he will be the "wise son that maketh a glad father" and never "the foolish son that is the heaviness of his mother." You thank God for the power that a Christian mother has of putting something into a boy that makes his conscience cry out most loudly against it when for the first time he stands with companions in front of some saloon, some gambling den, or some other place of evil resort, debating the question as to whether he will go in with them or not, and decides that he will not. The love of a Christian mother is the greatest safeguard of youthful character.

II

THE COMPANION FOOL

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.—*Pope*.

A man's mind is known by the company it keeps.
—*Lowell*.

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant courage is caught as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company.—*Shakespeare*,

II

THE COMPANION FOOL

MANY a noble scriptural character stands out in the clear perspective of Bible biography as an illustrious and inspiring example. But the life of Rehoboam is given as a warning. Ancestry had done much for Rehoboam. The grandson of David and the son of Solomon, he was the latter's successor to the throne. That "blood will always tell" is a fallacious adage, for the nobodies often come from the somebodies, and the somebodies frequently spring from the nobodies.

There is a specious philosophy that is appearing to-day in much of our current literature, in magazines as well as in books, that greatly magnifies heredity and environment as the makers and molders of character, and that minifies or else entirely nullifies the influence of the will and divine grace. Here is a brief state-

ment of its principal propositions: Two great factors make the sum of human life, heredity and environment, and by these the character of individuals, or of generations, is molded. Man is the resultant of his environment and heredity. If they impel him in the same direction, he will get far; but if they push in opposite directions, he may not get anywhere. Man is as completely the result of his own nature, and impelled to do what he does, as the needle to point to the north, or the puppet to move according as the string is pulled. A man must accept his heredity as an unalterable fact. He can do nothing to improve or to modify it.

This is the creed of the fatalist. Its fallacy is seen in the omission of a third factor which also enters into the sum of human life, and which is far greater than the other two—the will. Heredity, environment, will—these are the triumvirate that determine human destiny. Man possesses a self-determining power, which makes him not the creature but the creator of circumstances and which enables him to turn

obstacles into stepping-stones that lead to final victory. This is the only theory that can give to us a true interpretation of life; it alone can account for the facts that are revealed in the book of human experience; it alone can explain the remarkable development of multitudes of people, who did not have the help of royal heritage or of inspiring environment, but whose glorious achievements have won the admiration of the world.

Myriads of noble characters have come up from most lowly conditions and have stood forth in all their strength and beauty, like the pure, white petals of the pond lily that has sprung from the mud and mire beneath. Multitudes of God's noblest heroes have through force of will conquered both heredity and environment and have illumined and glorified all the centuries with the light of their splendid victories.

The Athenians erected a statue to Æsop, who was born a slave, that the Grecians might know that the way to honor is open to all. An American general, who grad-

uated at West Point the first in his class and arose to high rank on the basis of pure merit, said: "I inherited nothing from my father in Vermont but a pair of second-hand trousers, an old worn-out seal skin cap, and a tendency to rheumatism." A poor little thirteen-year-old newsboy, running into Detroit over the Grand Trunk railroad, lost his job through breaking a bottle of sulphuric acid and filling one of the cars with an unearthly odor, while experimenting with chemicals. He got not only trounced but bounced by the conductor, who declared that he wouldn't have any boy on his train who was fooling with chemicals all the time.

Heredity and environment might have said to him: "You've lost your job. What's the use of your trying to amount to anything or to be anybody? You might as well give up." But the masterful will said: "I'll make it win in life yet." That discharged newsboy became the wizard of Menlo Park, Thomas A. Edison. He was not the creature but the creator of circumstances, the architect of his own character.

A mighty purpose, that comes from a commanding will, gathers in power from the forces that oppose. It feeds upon defeat. It grows under misfortune. It matures under the fiercest tropical heat of repeated disaster. Adversity only serves to redouble diligence. Opposition only whets the more keenly the edge of the sword of resolution. Mountains dwindle into molehills before the man who is dominated by a worthy and a noble purpose. Obstacles that seemed unconquerable are not only overcome, but they are converted into helps toward success by the overwhelming will. Where the Mississippi begins a little brook flowing from the Itasca lake, or where the Missouri rises in the Rocky Mountain range, their streams are so small, that they could be pumped dry in a few short hours. But behold them in their mighty currents at Saint Louis and at New Orleans, and you will see there volumes of water that are irresistible and inexhaustible. So it is that an all-dominating purpose that comes from a masterful will gathers in strength and volume with

every passing day. It makes everything subservient to the one great end. It gathers from all sources in life until its current is irresistible and its volume is inexhaustible. One might as well try to dam up the Amazon with bulrushes, or to stop the current of the Saint Lawrence with bundles of baled hay, as to try to turn aside the man whose life is eternally linked to a mighty purpose.

Fatalism holds that pedigree has everything to do with our lives. The goodness that we manifest is only the outcropping of inherited goodness; the evil that appears in our actions is only the outgrowth of inherited evil. If we are good, we cannot help it, because our ancestors have been good; and if we are bad, we are not responsible for it, because it is the direct outgrowth of some evil that we have inherited. This is fatalism pure and simple. It denies entirely the freedom of the will, and makes man a mere machine, a characterless automaton, without the power of volition. Here is one who says: "There is no use for me to try to be moral, decent, and

good, because this old blood that I inherit from my ancestors makes me a born villain and a perpetual scoundrel." The person who talks that way is acting the part of the veriest coward, and by his mental attitude, as well as actions, is giving the wholesale denial to one of the great fundamental teachings of God's Word, that "where sin abounded grace did much more abound," and "for this cause the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." In the realm of Divine grace all are held as morally accountable for what they do, however strong their inherited inclinations toward evil. All are amenable before God to use all the energy of soul and all the grace that God will give to them in fighting against these evil tendencies and in doing right even with a nature that may have received an inherited bent toward the wrong. Many of the noblest souls that have blessed humanity by their labors have sprung from the most unpromising moral stock. They have become so sound and pure as to be totally unlike their parents, and the centers of

the most wholesome and gracious influences. Restraining and conquering their inbred tendencies to evil, they have won the esteem and veneration of the world. Michael Faraday came of the humblest and poorest parentage, the family living in London all huddled together in a little single room over a livery stable, in which the father was employed as a helper. He began life as a newsboy, became an errand boy in Sir Humphry Davy's chemical laboratory, and then one of the wonders of the age in science. When Sir Humphry Davy was once asked: "What do you regard as your greatest discovery?" he replied, "Michael Faraday." John Tyndall said of Michael Faraday: "He was the greatest experimental philosopher that the world has ever seen."

Henry Wilson received as his inheritance from his father, who was a lazy, shiftless, illiterate, drunken loafer, a terrible appetite for liquor, against which he fought all his life and always victorious. The name he bore was not his real name, for when he came of age he took another name to

escape in some measure the odium of his father's worthless life. He was cradled in poverty. Many a time when a child he cried for bread when there was none to give him. Bound out at the age of ten to a farmer, who was a hard taskmaster, he worked for him like a slave until he was twenty-one. Allowed to attend school but one month in each year, yet during the eleven years of his bondage he read through over one thousand books that he obtained from the neighboring village library, making their contents all his own. His scholastic training, which was limited to a few terms in the academy, did not begin until he had reached an age when others have finished theirs. In spite of these almost overwhelming obstacles, he steadily grew in character, influence, and power, until he was elected to the Massachusetts State Legislature. There he made his famous speech against slavery, that drew to him the eyes of the whole nation. He was recognized as a mighty political leader, and as one of the greatest orators of the anti-slavery times. After seventeen

years of conspicuous and honored service as a member of the United States Senate he closed his political career as the nation's Vice-President.

Dr. Thomas John Barnardo, of London, known throughout the world as "The Father of Nobody's Children," demonstrated through his lifework that moral character of the strongest and best fiber can be developed from the most unpromising moral stock. He was a man of intense Christian devotion and consecration. While a young student of medicine in London, fitting himself to go to China as a medical missionary, he received what was to him a special call to devote his life to work among the neglected people of London. Beginning there his lifework by helping one boy, who had no home, he soon came to know of the frightful condition of multitudes of homeless children. After having completed his medical course he first used a donkey stable as a place of refuge for his boys. This humble retreat grew until it had expanded into magnificent buildings, that covered whole

blocks, accommodating thousands of children, who were taken from the London slums, were given schooling and industrial training, were saved from careers of vice and crime and were enabled to achieve honorable positions in life. He instituted an emigration agency which provided for the transportation of young people to Canada and Australia. Tens of thousands of hopeless outcast boys and girls who had been rescued, reclaimed, and educated by this man were sent out into all the lands where English power has gone. Dr. Barnardo delivered public addresses upon his work all over Great Britain, and he repeatedly declared that it was proven by statistics, which they kept most carefully from year to year, that ninety-five per cent of his boys and girls turned out well. The New York Children's Aid Society, during the more than a half century that it has been in existence, has gathered up more than fifty thousand children, most of them little street waifs, boys and girls who have been the products of the New York slums, and has sent them westward, where

they have been taken into the homes of farmers and others and reared to manhood and womanhood. Two little waifs, companions in poverty, were picked up by this society in the streets of New York, sent west, and were adopted into the families of Indiana farmers. They occupied the same car seat on their westward journey, munched their sandwiches together, drank out of the same tin cup, took bites out of the same apple, and wondered what kind of homes they were going to get into, when they got out West. One of them became a Hoosier schoolmaster and the governor of Alaska; the other worked his way through college and went to North Dakota, where he became the governor of that commonwealth. It is conservatively estimated from the reports of the agents of this society, and from letters received from the homes in which these children have been placed, that at least ninety per cent of them turn out well. Booker T. Washington, born a slave in a log cabin, where his mother was cook for the plantation farm house, sleeping in a pallet on the

dirt floor of the kitchen, where he first saw the light, had as his principal garment during his boyhood days a long tow shirt made from the roughest part of the flax. When we see him learning to read by walking ten miles every day to and from the home of his teacher, after his day's work was done, it looks like a long, hard journey from this condition of illiteracy to graduating with highest honors at Hampton Institute. It is a wide remove from wearing a tow-shirt to the wearing of the classic cap and gown in receiving his honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard University, and from eating corn bread and bacon with his fingers out of a tin pan in a slave's hut to dining with the president of Harvard at his home in Cambridge, and as an invited guest eating at the same table with our nation's Chief Magistrate in the White House at Washington. From lowliest surroundings often spring noblest souls, even as from darkest soils there grow fairest flowers.

Alfred Russel Wallace has defined his position upon this subject of heredity, in

which he takes the strongest grounds against reckoning with fatalism as an admitted factor in human life. He says: "The men whose originality and mental power have created landmarks in the history of human progress have been self-taught. They have certainly derived nothing from the training of their ancestors in their several departments of knowledge." Superexcellence in any business or in any profession appears not so much an inherited gift as the result of self-discipline, self-training, and self-culture. It matters not whether a boy is born in a log cabin or in a mansion, in a cottage or in a brown-stone front, if he is actuated by a noble, mighty, controlling, all-dominating purpose, neither men nor demons can keep him from coming to the front and gaining success and honor. More than a century and a half ago Alexander Pope, in his "Essay on Man," expressed this great truth, which is confirmed to-day by some of our best modern scientists:

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part: there all the honor lies.

In Rehoboam's time it was very evident that in their confederation the twelve tribes had been imperfectly united. A deeply rooted jealousy manifested itself between the tribes of Israel in general and the tribe of Judah in particular. The powerful Ephraimites would not submit to being curtailed in their power and authority or reduced to any inferior position. They felt most keenly the omission as an affront if they were not consulted with reference to any new enterprise that might be undertaken by any of the confederated tribes. When, immediately succeeding the death of Saul, the tribe of Judah, without waiting to consult the other tribes, came together and crowned David as their king, intertribal war broke out, and it continued until the house of Saul was almost exterminated before David's government was accepted and acknowledged by the whole nation. The latent jealousy was not entirely uprooted even then, for other differences arose that tended to increase the trouble. David transferred his court from Shechem, the ancient capital, to Jerusalem, and also

removed the tabernacle from Shiloh thither, making Jerusalem the religious and political capital of his newly acquired kingdom. The Ephraimites and all the other tribes, that were in full sympathy with them, felt that these distinctions bestowed on Judah were slights cast upon themselves. Solomon's extravagant expenditures had imposed heavy burdens on the people which they were not willing to bear. His reign had been prosperous and magnificent, yet by reason of its excessive taxation it had proven so oppressive that large numbers of the people were ready upon the first favorable opportunity to protest and to rebel.

The day that Rehoboam was crowned as king furnished that opportunity. If ever it was needed that a young man should consult and act upon the advice of those older and wiser than himself, should show tact, good judgment, and conciliatory ways, it was then. The coronation day came. The sacred oil was outpoured upon the bending head of the young monarch. The resplendent crown,

glittering with burnished gold and sparkling with precious stones, was placed upon his head. But no glad shouts greeted the newly crowned king. An ominous silence reigned, and a sullen gloom was seen resting upon the upturned faces of the multitude. Rehoboam, pale and nervous, knew not what to do. Jeroboam now stepped quickly to the front as the champion for the rights of the people, and looking Rehoboam full in the face, he boldly said: "Thy father made our yoke grievous. Make thou the grievous service of thy father, and the heavy yoke, which he put upon us, lighter, and we will serve thee." Rehoboam desired three days for considering this important matter. He called first a council of the old and experienced statesmen, and after hearing their advice he summoned a convention of the young men, the empty-headed fops, who had been his boon companions before his accession to the throne. He rejected the gentle and conciliatory measures that were recommended by the wise, gray-headed counselors, and accepted the foolish, senseless,

and almost idiotic advice that was given him by those young bloods in the vealy stage of their mental development. At the end of the allotted time he said to the people: "My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins. Whereas my father put a heavy yoke upon you, I will put more to your yoke. My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." Such scourging words bore at once inflammatory fruitage; the pent-up indignation of the people burst into open revolt; the ten tribes quickly separated from the other two; the covenant nation was rent in twain.

The great principles in the philosophy of history have found their counterpart in every country and in every age. Tyranny and cruelty upon the part of the ruler have often resulted in open revolt and rebellion upon the part of the people. But the great national upheavals that have followed, under a benignant Providence, have always borne the rich fruits of a larger, broader liberty and a better, nobler peace. Think of the times when

the mandates of despotic power have scourged the land with consuming torch and murderous dagger, with widespread devastation and cruel bloodshed; times when liberty, right, equality, justice all seem to have sunk into the chaos of anarchy: yet out of these charred and blackened ruins there have sprung, like the growth from the dragon's teeth of old from Grecian soil, the elements of a new life, the germ principles of something grander, nobler, and better. The conquering legions of Alexander opened the hitherto barred gateways of the savage East for the entrance of the arts and civil institutions of Greece. Constantinople in the middle of the fifteenth century was stormed and pillaged by the Turks, after one of the most cruel and bloody sieges known in history. But, like the branch of the odorous gum tree, that sends forth its sweetest fragrance only after it has been bruised and broken, so this city of the Byzantine emperors sent up from its ruins the mighty impulse of the New Learning, that thrilled all Europe into a new moral

and intellectual life. Listen to the funereal tones of the bell of the Saint Germain L'Auxerrois, as it rings out the death knell for thousands of happy homes in France upon the morning of Saint Bartholomew's Day. Its first notes have scarcely died away before the first Huguenot is ruthlessly struck down. The air is rent with shrieks of agony, and the streets of France run red with innocent blood, while the bell tolls out its sad refrain. But amid that discord we can now catch the rich refrain of a "harmony not then understood." There is a chime of sweetest music, that speaks above the harsh clangor of that bell, that tells of the grand future of religious freedom. The maxim of Louis XIV of France, "I am the state," was the synonym for a most despotic and arbitrary government. His age was most brilliant in literature, in commerce, and in art; yet his corrupt and profligate reign, with its exorbitant taxation, paved the way for the French Revolution, which in its death agonies gave birth to that principle of liberty which has found its full fruition

in the French Republic of to-day. Out of the throes of our own Civil War there came the destruction of State sovereignty, a restored Union, and liberty for the slave, and, surely, these factors, made secure in our nation's life, were worth all that it cost to get them.

So the open revolt of the people against Rehoboam and the bitter and destructive wars that ensued led the way eventually to the greater national prosperity and to the larger spiritual blessings of the later reigns of Asa and Jehoshaphat.

Rehoboam's unfortunate career continued just as it had begun. Folly and failure were its most distinguishing traits.

Every young person starting out in life may take the wise admonitions of competent counselors, or he may act upon the shallow and senseless teachings of those who are giddy, fast, and rash, and who speak most contemptuously of their seniors as "old fogies"; and as a direct consequence of following their counsels he may at an early age end his life in wreck and ruin. Standing within the full shadow cast by Reho-

boam's bad beginning and resulting failure, we emphasize the necessity of getting the right start in life. As all depends upon our getting the right start, all education, both of the home and the school, should be helpful toward making the proper beginning in life. Starting right leads into the only pathway of happiness, for one is never so happy as when he is successfully engaged in doing that which he can do well. It is the only path to real worth, for the value of an individual to society depends upon his being in the right place and doing his own appropriate work. It is the only path to national prosperity. The growth and perfection of the body depend upon each organ fulfilling its own functions, and the health and development of the body politic depend upon each individual understanding and developing his own powers and building his own best work into the great structure of the whole.

When a young person stands facing the years that lie before him, the most serious question that confronts him is whether he is going to succeed or not. It must be

understood that what God makes a boy by nature stands in a certain kind of fixed relation to what that boy will be able to make out of himself by growth and acquirement. Many of the failures of life are due to people working at cross purposes with their own aptitudes. God made us all to be good for something; but the key to success is lodged somewhere within ourselves, and the chief thing, paramount to all else, is to get hold of the right key. God meant something in bringing every one of us into existence. Every man's life is a plan of God, and the first thing for us to do is to get at God's meaning in our separate creations. Men are constantly making failures in life because they are trying to do what, from the human standpoint, God never intended them to do.

Our solar system gets along very well so long as each planet moves in its own orbit. But suppose Mercury and Venus should try to run on the same road instead of the different tracks in which they now travel; suppose the earth and Mars

should try to change places; suppose Jupiter and Saturn should seek to get out of their old established routes and then run to suit themselves, what would be the result? Our solar system would come to an end in a most tremendous smash-up. God has marked out orbits for men as well as for planets, and men fall far short of success and go under because they fail to find the path in which God intended them to move. We find many misfits in business and professional life, because of the failure of men at the very threshold of life honestly, seriously, and candidly to take an inventory of what they have in its direct relation to what they expect to do. We find professional men who have failed to make good who would have made fine business men; poor business men who would have made good professional men; unsuccessful lawyers who would have made successful physicians; mediocre physicians who would have made splendid lawyers; preachers who are flat failures in the ministry but who would have been very successful in something else. A friend of

mine who is in the work of the ministry in another denomination has a son, now in middle life, who as soon as he could walk and talk manifested a perfect passion for machinery. When only a small boy he learned perfectly the mechanism of an engine. He made a small engine with his own hands that ran perfectly. He could think and talk of nothing but engines. After the completion of his high school course, his father sent him to college, but at the end of the freshman year he came home declaring that he had no taste for the studies that were most prominent in that college curriculum, and that he would never go back. He started in half a dozen different lines of business and failed at every one of them through lack of aptitude. At last he got into a railroad machine shop and settled down at what he knew was his life's work. He became a self-made mechanical engineer, and is now at the head of a department in one of the greatest manufacturing plants in the world.

Efficiency experts can now be secured for all lines of productive industries, whose

business it is to investigate and then inform boards of managers how losses can be stopped, how waste can be eliminated, and how the machinery of the plant can be operated at the least expense. We have church efficiency experts, whose advice is now sought in deciding upon the best locations for new city churches, in defining the kind of a church which should be built to fit a given neighborhood, and in rearranging the working program of the downtown church to suit changed conditions. Should we not have efficiency experts in our universities, colleges, and high schools, whose business it should be, after a careful study of the individual adaptability, to suggest to each student a group of activities in the lifework for which he is best suited, and thus by eliminating the waste of time that comes from misapplied energy, endeavor to fit him at once into his life task by giving him the right start? Wise counsel for the right start in life is needed now as much as in Rehoboam's day.

It is to our highest advantage, intellectually and morally, to gather around us

the right sort of friends and companions. That was a very suggestive placard that hung in a store window—"A large stock of goods and civility always on hand." If a reasonable amount of civility is expected in getting and holding custom and trade, it must also be manifested in securing and retaining our friends. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." But we must go deeper than the outer conduct to find the fundamental and abiding principle of true friendship. We must learn to love humanity, we must get into cordial relations with those about us, we must secure the responsive feeling to the wants and needs of the universal human heart, that "touch of sympathy" which "makes the whole world akin," we must acquire the spirit of genuine helpfulness, and then friends will come to us because we shall then be able to give to them in wealth of character what they in a noble reciprocity will be able to impart to us in riches of soul. The wily politician, who seeks friends only in order that he may use them for promoting his own selfish interests, has

always been treated with the just contempt that he has deserved. But the ability to secure and to hold friends has always been one of the largest factors in the way to true success.

Some of Lincoln's enemies sneeringly said of him in the early part of his career, "Lincoln has no capital but a lot of friends." But it was Lincoln's immeasurable capacity for friendship that made his splendid career possible; his ability to make and to hold friends was one of the greatest elements that led to his becoming the nation's Chief Magistrate.

Garfield possessed in a marked degree this same magnificent quality, that prepared for him so large a place in the hearts of the American people. He often visited the great industrial plants in the manufacturing towns of his congressional district, and would always stop and shake hands and converse with almost every begrimed and smut-covered laborer in the establishment. Not even Garfield's bitterest political enemies ever accused him of doing this to win votes; for they well knew

it was all prompted by his inherent large-heartedness, by his genuine love for men. He was always deeply interested in the welfare of the laboring classes, for he well remembered the time when he himself was a poor, barefoot farmer's boy; when he drove the mules upon the towpath of the Erie canal at ten dollars a month and his board; when he took that contract at his northern Ohio home for chopping one hundred cords of wood at twenty-five cents a cord, to earn the money that would give him a start toward defraying the expenses of a college education. He became in this way most closely allied with the toiling millions of the country. He was prepared to represent the people because he was always in sympathy with the masses. When he lay in the White House, wounded and dying, his physicians advised a change to the air of the seashore, and his special train from Washington to Long Branch was driven at a high rate of speed, making as few stops as possible along the route. Multiplied thousands gathered at the different stations along the line, and stood there

sorrowful and silent, with uncovered heads, while the train swept on. A brief stop was made at one small station, where some sweat-covered laboring men quickly rolled some baggage trucks up close to the President's car and climbed up on them to get a look at their wounded and dying chief. The attendants quickly started to the door of the Pullman to order them to get down and be gone at once. The President saw it all, and was deeply moved at the scene. With his weak and trembling voice he said: "Do not drive those poor men away. It can do me no harm. Let them be gratified." When the train started he gave to that little group of common day laborers a kindly smile and a gentle wave of his feeble hand in response to their tearful interest. With Garfield the insignia and adornment of high official position never covered up his manhood; and in his death we lost not only a good President but a still greater man and Christian brother.

Men and women of the strongest character have always felt the large debt which they have owed to the soulful intimacy of

the closest friendships. All true friendship must rest upon the foundation of mutual confidence, and the deepest friendship requires similarity of sympathy and principles. It requires the same general trend and quality of life, together with such personal differences as make one friend the complement of the other. Such friends are like complementary colors, which are so related to each other that when blended together they produce white light, and are so named because each color makes up to the other what it lacks to make it white. They thus belong to one another, and each is the brighter and better for the presence of the other.

The friendship between David and Jonathan deserves to be regarded as one of the most perfect, one of the most beautiful, that has ever been known. Their friendship began upon the day of David's return from the victory over the Philistine giant, and continued without a single break until death divided them. When David, returning from his victory over Goliath, was met by the companies of

women out of all the cities of Israel with instruments of music, singing their joyful song of welcome to the home-coming conqueror, and that great tide of bitter jealousy surged through the soul of Saul, Jonathan, looking upon this young man who was to be king instead of himself, was unenvious. That which aroused Saul to hatred moved Jonathan to love. Such beautiful magnanimity of spirit aroused the best that was in David in response. Ancient covenants of friendship were sometimes made between two persons by the intermingling of blood, transfusing the same in small quantity from the veins in the arm of the one to that of the other. The covenant of friendship established between David and Jonathan may have been of this kind, and this may be the explanation for that statement about them: "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." When David was a fleeing and hunted fugitive, Jonathan frequently sought him out in his hiding places, comforted and encouraged him, cheered him with assur-

ances of the time that was near at hand, when his troubles and dangers would cease, when his edict of banishment would be revoked and he should become Israel's king. Jonathan, above all, poured into his aching heart the healing balm of religious consolation. "He strengthened his hand in God." David "behaved himself wisely in all his ways." His trust was in the Lord, and thus did he voice his faith in God: "In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me." "And the Lord was with him." Jonathan's noble character was also disclosed by his filial devotion to his unfortunate father, and he showed the same trust in God that David manifested. This religious tie knit their hearts all the more closely together. David possessed rare accomplishments. He was a poet and a musician, and was faithful and courageous even to heroism. How the true warrior spirit shone out in him when, as a young shepherd lad, he appeared before Saul, whose first impulse was to rebuke him for his temerity in daring to go out against the

mighty Philistine champion. But the king found as he questioned him that this "son of Jesse the Bethlehemite" feared no being but God. He modestly recounted how when he was a servant keeping his father's sheep, a lion and a bear attacking the flock, he had slain them both; and he declared, in a spirit of invincible valor, that the uncircumcised Philistine would be as one of them in that he had defied the armies of the living God. Jonathan was also a brave and fearless soldier, and had performed some very daring feats of arms. Accompanied only by his armor-bearer, he had captured a mountain fortress of the Philistines. Thus they were mutually drawn the one to the other, because each one possessed attracting qualities. Their friendship was disinterested, unselfish, and reciprocally helpful. Its bonds held as strongly in adversity as in prosperity. It was faithful and constant to the end.

Many a person can point to some long friendship which has been to him a continuous source of inspiration and comfort, a friendship which went on in the ordinary

round of life with the usual interchange of work and play, with the talk about books and business, about neighbors and old memories, until that person woke up after a time to find himself another person, remade by another's personality. The one who has come under such formative influence has journeyed slowly to the other's point of view. He has heard the story of the other's crises; of the stress of his struggles; how he felt at this crucial moment and that; how bitter were certain great disappointments, which afterward yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness; how some oppressive burdens of sorrow, which seemed at the time greater than could possibly be borne, lifted the soul to a firmer grasp upon God and to a stronger faith in the unseen things which are eternal. Thus the one whose life has been recreated has gone on stage by stage, living the life of the other, seeing and feeling things as the other has seen and felt them, until he has at last been transformed into the likeness of the other, "into the same image and from glory to glory."

The deepest and most enduring friendship among men can be found only in the religious atmosphere and in supreme love to God. Jesus spent the whole night in prayer just before he chose his disciple-friends. He said later concerning these hours spent in prayer over the choice of his disciples, "Thine they were, and thou gavest them to me." When men succeed in finding a real spiritual leader the union between him and them is a union that has been made in heaven. Can we understand what Jesus's capacity for friendship really meant, when he said to them, "I have called you friends"? The greatest change that this world has ever witnessed grew out of that friendship between Christ and his disciples, and the gospel story that tells about it. The disciples, whom Jesus called into his service, were fishermen, tanners, and publicans—all men who were taken from the common walks of life. They were not exceptional men in any sense of the word, and were very immature at the time they were first called. They were poorly informed and furnished as to

education, and exceedingly limited in spiritual experience. These men listened daily to his teachings as they traveled about with him on foot from place to place, often wearied with their long overland journeys. The touch and influence of his powerful personality are especially brought out in one vivid incident. They had been in labors abundant, and were very weary from a hard day's march, as they drew near to a village, where they expected to find rest and refreshment. But the messengers whom they had sent on ahead met them when they came up with unpleasant news. They were told that they would not be received. Only those who know what it is to be refused hospitality when they are weary and hungry can understand what this message meant to them. Such moments will show the real man, for then he is off his guard. There was nothing to do but to tramp on; so on they went. But the disciples were angry and spoke hot words, desiring Elijah's power to call down fire on that village and consume it. Jesus was as hungry

and as weary as any of them, "but he turned and rebuked them and said: Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." Thus Jesus took these men into his friendship and companionship and changed them from ordinary into extraordinary moral forces. He took these plain, ignorant men and through his daily association with them transformed them into the trained and cultured leaders of that new kingdom that was to change the world. He took common stones and made them into mighty foundations for the new Jerusalem. He transformed the charcoal into diamonds. How profound, therefore, is the underlying philosophy of his words—"I have called you friends; all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you"! The scribes, the Pharisees, the elders, the high priests, and many others who studied these disciples at close hand "perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men." But when they saw how they had been made magnetic and thrilling

with a new power—a power that drew people to them wherever they went, that had made them moral giants in attacking the evils of their time, and that had clothed their words with fire when they spoke—“they marveled, and they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.” It is our precious privilege to come into the circle of the same friendship and companionship of the One who will give to us like knowledge and wisdom, like courage and moral power.

One of the never-ending series of life's tragedies arises from the frequent choice that people make of bad companionships, when they might have chosen the good. I heard John B. Gough in his great lecture on “Man and His Masters,” which he delivered hundreds of times in all parts of the globe, during his forty years upon the lecture platform, say with all the impassioned fervor of his great soul, “Young man, I would willingly give my right hand if I could forget all that I have learned from bad company.”

The Chicago dailies told recently of the

body of a young man apparently between twenty-five and thirty years of age that was removed from the Chicago River. Before committing suicide by jumping into the water he had gone through all the clothing that he was wearing and had deliberately cut out the initials of his name and the laundry mark so as to render identification impossible. But this note was found in his pocket written with an indelible pencil: "I got in with a bad bunch, and whisky did the rest. I do not wish to be known. I want my name and my memory to perish with me." In less than two weeks after the remains of that young man had been buried in the potter's field, the Chicago chief of police received over one hundred letters from anxious parents scattered all over northern Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa, asking for a full description of that body. There are multitudes of parents all over our land whose sons have gotten into the wrong crowd and are known to be going the pace that kills. Many a mother has been almost broken-hearted over the boy who has gone forth from the

loving home circle and is now traveling the path of the prodigal in some far country. Many a father has had his last days filled with the wormwood and the gall of bitterness because of the ineffaceable disgrace brought upon the family through the actions of a profligate son.

Warning comes from all sources against bad company. It comes from the old home, to which the ruined young man has been brought back, that he may be nursed in his dying moments by the loving mother who cared for him so tenderly in his boyhood. It comes from the city hospital, where the pitiful wreck of a once promising young manhood has been carried to die among strangers. It comes from the haunts of vice, where the victim of sin dies, and with his last breath reproaches the evil companions who led him astray. It comes from the convict's cell, where the young prisoner tells the visitor that bad company brought him to ruin. It comes from the deathbed, where the young infidel dies in despair and denounces the companions who taught him his first

lessons in infidelity. It comes from the scaffold or from the electric chair, where the criminal about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, with arms pinioned and with his last spoken words, just before the black cap is drawn over his face and the sheriff's finger touches the fatal button or his foot presses the deadly trigger, warns all young men to beware of bad company. The warning comes from all these sources trumpet-tongued: "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away."

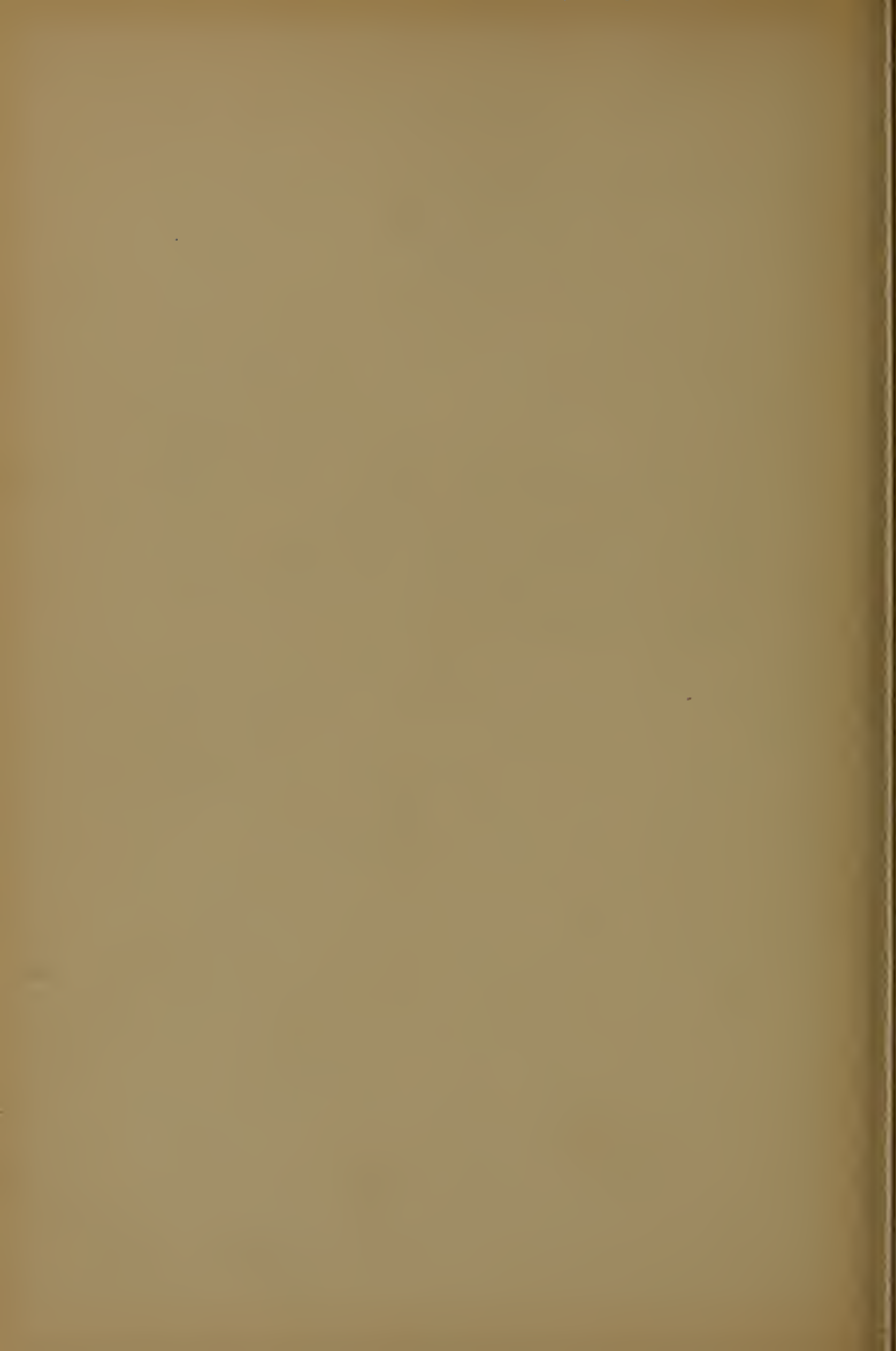
There are thousands of young men in our land to-day who were brought up in religious homes, but who have now thrown off all religious restraint. Sometimes, when the finer chords of feeling are touched, memory will revert to those scenes of the old home life. Here is a picture that stands out with startling clearness when fond memory brings back the light of other days. There stands the old homestead, in which childhood's happy days were spent. There are the trees, that

grew there, planted by loving hands long since crumbled back to dust; the flowers that bloomed by the window; the vines that climbed the wall; the brook that went babbling along through the meadow, beating out its merry music. There is the sitting room, where so many happy hours were spent in loving family companionship; the old family Bible, lying there upon the center table, with all the striking passages and the great promises marked in father's well-known and familiar hand, and the recollection of father leading in the morning family worship. There arises the vision of that beloved mother, now in the Father's house above, who taught the wayward boy, with clasped hands, to say, "Our Father, which art in heaven." Then there came that final morning for leaving the old home and all its precious associations. How mother's voice was so full of tears that she could not speak; how father's face twitched with the emotion that he could scarcely control; how his voice trembled, when he said: "God bless you, my boy! God bless you!" Ah! how remorse

stings to the very depths of the soul when the promises are remembered, given then to father and to mother: never to touch the intoxicating cup, never to gamble, to avoid bad company, to read the Bible, to remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy, and to attend the services of God's house—those promises broken again and again. How many young men there are to-day who have broken those sacred vows—vows given not only to Christian parents but vows given to God.

A young prince, heir to the throne of Russia, gave himself over to a wild and dissolute life. Taking up his residence in Paris for a time, he went the rounds of dissipation. One evening as he was seated in a place of evil resort with a number of young profligates like himself, drinking, gambling, and making merry, a special messenger came to him and privately announced to him that his father was dead. Pushing away from him the cards, the dice, and the wine cup, he rose up and said: "I am emperor. Henceforth I shall live as becometh the Czar of all the Russias.

I am through with these playthings, and I am through with you. Good night, gentlemen, and good-by forever." And he stuck to that resolution. God has endowed every one with a spiritual birth-right. Christ calls all to reign with him in his spiritual kingdom. "And I appoint unto you a kingdom as my Father hath appointed unto me." Man's highest ambition should be to be worthy of such a princely heritage and to aspire to no meaner rank than to be "A king and a priest unto God."



III

THE WOMAN FOOL

A man gains no possession better than a good woman, nothing more horrible than a bad one.—
Simonides.

I'm not denyin' the women are foolish:
God Almighty made 'em to match the men.
—*George Eliot* (Mrs. Poyser, in *Adam Bede*).

Himself half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair, divided excellence,
Whose fullness of perfection is in him,
Ah! two such silvered currents when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in.
—*Shakespeare.*

III

THE WOMAN FOOL

BROUGHT up in the worship of Baal, a god whose teachings are known to have given unqualified sanction to everything abandoned and vile, Jezebel, the Sidonian wife of Ahab King of Israel, was in character in full keeping with her iniquitous creed. When a religion teaches immorality there are no depths of depravity to which the men and women who are its adherents may not go. Jezebel was adroit, able, and very clever, yet withal utterly unprincipled. Prepossessing and attractive in personal appearance, and giving great attention to external adornment, yet she was cunning and crafty, sly and deceitful, designing and treacherous. The young king, caught by the outward show and glitter, took the matrimonial step which proved his ruin. Jezebel formed the deliberate purpose of revolutionizing the faith of Israel and

substituting the worship of Baal for the worship of the true God. She secured her husband's permission to bring her idols into Israel, and there arose as if by magic upon almost every hilltop the images of her favorite god. She was also successful in winning the king over to idolatry, and Ahab, under the direction of his artful and wicked queen, built a magnificent ivory temple in Samaria, erecting upon it a colossal statue of the sun-god. She had all the priests of Jehovah, who stood in the way of her efforts to draw the people into the espousal of her idol-worship, put to death with the exception of one hundred, who were secretly hidden away by Obadiah, a good man and the governor of the king's household. Thus her nefarious purposes were accomplished and Baal-worship became the recognized state religion. Out of the numerous hosts of Israel but seven thousand were found who did not bend the knee unto Baal. Jezebel issued a death warrant for Elijah after his signal victory on Mount Carmel, and he was compelled to flee for his life to a distant country.

In bringing about the death of Naboth and all his heirs, and making his estate confiscate to the crown, she secured possession of the parcel of ground which her husband had coveted.

Ahab while standing within the desired vineyard and planning how he would lay out this ill-gotten addition to his palace grounds suddenly and unexpectedly met the prophet, whom he had not seen for five years. Elijah stood there before him black-browed, motionless, grim, like an incarnate conscience, as unearthly as if he were the ghost of the man whom he had murdered. Ahab's worthless and miserable subterfuges were swept away like chaff as he stood there cringing and melting under the piercing gaze of the blazing eyes of that man of God. He saw the enormity of the crime that he had committed, and his soul withered under the look of that iron prophet of the Lord as the sacrifice on Mount Carmel had shriveled under the fire from heaven. Trembling from head to foot, he gasped out, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" Elijah, with words

that cut like a Damascus blade into the cowering, cowardly soul of the apostate king, then announced to him that his defection and crimes would be punished with the total destruction of his house. The dogs of the town would lick up his blood in the same place where they had licked up the blood of Naboth. Jezebel also would be dashed down from her high window, and her gore would splash the wall and redden the horses' hoofs. The dogs of the street would snarl over the horrid feast of her mangled body. All this fearful prophecy was fulfilled to the very letter.

Ahab was fool enough to give his hand in marriage to a woman who without question was the worst female character mentioned in all sacred history. Surely, all unmarried young men, with the example of the wretched career of this ill-mated couple before them, should learn the folly of being allured by outward glitter and show and beauty rather than by sterling worth of moral character.

Inconsiderate and hasty marriages are

a prolific cause of domestic unhappiness. When young men and young women are thrown together how often they show themselves to be fools in forming their matrimonial alliances! How often impulse rules in making the life choice rather than sober judgment. He is drawn to her by her arch smile, by the elegant way she handles her fan and parasol, and the refined manner in which she passes around the ice cream at the picnic; while she is attracted to him by the style and color of his cravats, by the pattern and fit of his waistcoat, by the admirable shape of his shoes, and by the graceful manner in which he tips his hat. So they become engaged and in a few weeks are married, when he does not know any more about her real life and her adaptability to the idiosyncrasies of his disposition than a native Patagonian does about chemistry; and she is as ignorant of his actual character as a Hottentot is of the Hebrew grammar.

To marry a man who is not industrious and who is unsuccessful is to invite misfortune and calamity. A man ought to

be fully persuaded of his ability to take care of a family before he plans to establish a home. Yet a man who is in arrearages on his own board bill, who is everywhere recognized as being constitutionally tired, who is too lazy to earn his own living, and who has been trusted for the very suit of clothes that he wears upon his wedding day, will stand at the marriage altar, will place upon his bride's finger the betrothal ring, that has been bought on credit, and will solemnly say, "With this ring I thee wed and with my worldly goods I thee endow."

Matrimonial alliances with men of large means are often arranged solely for the social position that wealth will bring. The hand of a young woman who is an heiress is often sought by one who shows in a few months after the marriage ceremony that he cares only for her bank account and nothing for her. To marry a man with a title does not necessarily mark an advance in position or in happiness; it often means wretchedness and misery. You may place a decoration of nobility upon

a wooden dummy, but it still remains a wooden dummy. A count may be of no account, notwithstanding his pretentious title.

Howells's *A Modern Instance* shows the evil results that come from an inconsiderate and hasty marriage. A runaway match, the marriage of two persons who are not at all adapted to each other, and that ends at last in a divorce and in a broken heart and wrecked life for the woman, are the outline facts that the author uses for working out his powerful moral teaching, which drew from the editor of the *Century Magazine* the declaration upon his editorial page concerning this great novel: "Since *Uncle Tom's Cabin* no American work of fiction has appeared that has so strong and so wide a moral bearing and so great powers to affect public sentiment."

Mutual incompatibility is one of the most serious causes of misery in modern home life. It is the gravest mistake for any young man and young woman to get married when they find out beforehand that they are not adapted to each other.

A broken engagement is infinitely better than a broken life.

Women often show themselves to be fools when they marry men for the purpose of reforming them. Such unions are another fruitful cause of infelicity in the marriage relation. It is almost always a fool's errand for the woman who thus marries, and it generally ends in the wreck of two lives instead of one. If a young man who has reached the age of twenty-five or thirty has gotten the drink habit really fixed upon him, unless by supreme effort of will and the help of divine grace he faces about, he is on his way to wreck and ruin as fast as the laws of moral deterioration can carry him. She is fully aware of the fact that he drinks. Everybody knows that he dissipates. Parents expostulate, neighbors and friends warn. But she gives no heed to their repeated admonitions. She is determined to marry him because she says she is going to reform him, and so another poor unfortunate goes to the altar of self-sacrifice. If every young man who is getting into the habit

of drinking were made aware that he could not get any decent and respectable young woman to pay any attention to him as long as he drinks, he would quit for good; and if every young woman whose affection is sought with a view to matrimony by a young man who drinks, would say to him, "I will have nothing to do with you as long as you drink," she would be doing wonders in lessening the world's miseries, above all in diminishing the evils that come from divorce.

The failure to live within the income is still another indictment that must be laid at the door of many a home where married life has been a failure. The woman fool in this case suggests and urges the purchase of some single expensive piece of furniture on the installment plan. This beautiful addition to the home furnishings makes many other things look shabby, which are soon replaced with other articles to correspond with that first costly purchase. So the debt is piled up until it gets entirely beyond reach. Receiving twelve hundred dollars a year and spending

twelve hundred and fifty will soon bring a shadow over any home that follows that system of bookkeeping. It means always inability to meet obligations, dodging irate creditors, the loss of manliness and self-respect, and in many instances it has meant bankruptcy, dishonesty, crime, and a State's prison sentence. Better far a humble home in a one-story cottage on the plainest fare, all paid for, than life in a fine house splendidly furnished and supported by an outlay that fills life with unending perplexities and ceaseless burdens.

All too often we see the woman fool figuring in the divorce court. She had been brought up as one of the butterflies of society, pampered, petted, indulged without limit and hopelessly spoiled. She has a pretty face and a fine figure, but is inordinately vain. All her spare time is given to a study of the fashion plates, and to appear like them is her sole aim and desire. After a half dozen different engagements, which are made and broken so rapidly that she is scarcely able to keep track of them, she marries a good, honest

fellow, who finds himself utterly unable to gratify her extravagant tastes. After a few months of this union she wishes to secure a legal separation in order that she may marry some other man who will have the means with which to meet all her requirements. Her reasons for desiring the divorce are so trivial and frivolous that she cannot secure the necessary papers within the commonwealth where she lives, so she removes for a time to a State in which she can find a divorce law and a judge that are both broad enough to cover her case. Family instability is the most startling fact in American social life, and it is increasing at a rate that is unequaled in any other Christian nation. Statistics show that in this land one marriage in every ten ends in legal separation in the divorce court. One hundred years more of the same rapid increase of this social disease as has characterized the last twenty years and the nature of marriage will become completely transformed. If the present rate of increase of divorce continues unchecked, at the dawn of the twenty-first

century many more marriages will terminate in this country by divorce than by death. A century is a long time in so young a nation as ours. But it is a much shorter period than the time it took for Rome to degenerate from the condition in which divorce was almost unknown to that in which divorces were so common that the sneer was repeatedly uttered that women no longer reckoned time by the calendar, by the number of consuls, who were elected every year, but by the number of their different husbands. Many a woman fool regards marriage as a contract, that is to be kept only so long as her husband continues to be perfectly agreeable to her and gives her an allowance that is sufficient to meet all her demands. What a travesty such a misinterpretation of the marriage obligation is upon the sacredness of that mutual relation into which two persons enter, when they take each other for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, as long as life shall last, where love is the keynote and where trust, forgiveness, and helpfulness are the ever-ready

messengers to heal bruises and to reconcile all differences. If marriage is to degenerate into simply a contract between two persons, voidable upon every difference of whim or sentiment, where is the union that would endure? What would become of all the finer instincts of humanity which we gain from bearing and forbearing with each other's weaknesses?

When God said, "It is not good that man should be alone," it was woman that he gave to him to be his companion. Whether marriage is to make or to mar a man depends so entirely upon the kind of a choice which he makes that he needs all the guidance that he can get. A rash step may mean the blighting of his whole life. But it is by no means necessary on that account to be so cautious as to discard the thought of matrimony altogether. A union that is not altogether ideal in its character is infinitely better for any young man than no marriage at all.

Many a present-day home is happy through the union of many a modern Ruth and Boaz. A great multitude of twentieth-

century Marys and Marthas are earnest and devoted followers of Christ. Any unmarried young man in the matrimonial field is far more apt to get a Mary or Martha than he is to get a Jezebel, because the former class far outnumber the latter.

Many a woman wise in counsel, clear in judgment, and possessed of that most uncommon of common things, common sense, who has never studied in a college, makes a most helpful life companion. To be the queen of a home it is not necessary that a woman should be a college graduate and able to talk different languages. Some women, when the occasion requires it, can talk more in one language than their husbands care to hear.

Aristocratic family connections are not necessary to make a happy home. John B. Gough used to say that families who boast of their ancestry are like hills of potatoes—the best part of them are under ground. Wealth is not needed to make a little home cozy and comfortable. A few tasteful and inexpensive rugs, not from Persian looms but of American manufac-

ture, some pictures, some easy chairs, some books, papers, and magazines, and some kind of a musical instrument—these are within the reach of all; and these are sufficient in deft hands for making a home an earthly paradise.

In some lands unillumined by the light of a Christian civilization a man wins his wife by his skill in the use of spear and club, by his prowess as a warrior. In some of the heathen countries wives are bought like cattle in the market.

In other pagan nations the arrangements for marriage are carried on entirely by the parents, the young people often never meeting one another until they are brought together as husband and wife. Mutual tastes and adaptability are not in any way considered, love is an entirely unknown factor, and the woman is from the outset the abject slave of the man to whom she is joined.

In Christian lands marriage is a joint contract, based supposedly upon a mutual love, in which the contracting parties pledge themselves the one to the other

to "love, comfort, honor, and keep, in sickness and in health, until death do them part." All this means a continuous unity of purpose, a loving reciprocity of thought and feeling, and a generous yielding of the one to the other in everything that pertains to the highest interests of the family life.

If not a state secret, it is surely a secret of the matrimonial state that a man does not mind being managed, provided the fact of the management is not rubbed in too often; and if he can only make himself think and believe that he is not being managed at all, his joy will be complete. Right here is where a woman's tact comes in. One of the most stubborn creatures on the face of this earth is a woman-driven man; and one of the meekest and most docile of subjects is that same man, woman-led, provided he does not know it.

How much more tactful a woman usually is than a man in the management of the children in the home circle! Francis Henry, aged ten, is told that he must not go skating. But he goes just the same, and

he comes home at night with unmistakable evidence of having been not only on the ice, but through it. The father comes down upon him, metaphorically speaking, like a pile driver. He does not reason with the boy. He punishes the lad and makes him angry, and the youngster goes out mad, slamming the door behind him. The punishment has not been reformatory, because it has awakened only the feeling of resentment. Then his mother takes Francis Henry on her lap to tell him how much they love him; how sorry they would have been if he had been drowned, and how lonely the house would have been without him. The little chap promises her, with tears running down his cheeks, that he will be obedient in the future. Through this interview with his mother he has received a lasting impression for good.

Who can measure the power of a Christian mother in molding the characters of her children for righteousness and in giving them broader visions of life?

John Wesley after he had entered Oxford University through frequent inter-

change of letters still kept in closest touch with his mother. The mother yonder in the Epworth rectory, burdened as she was with the many household cares and duties, still continued to wield the strongest possible influence over her son at Oxford. He wrote long letters to his mother, telling her all about his doubts of the head and the heart, all about his theological difficulties; and most amazing it is that this woman, who never had had any theological education or training, in her replies to the questions of this young Oxford student, went to the very heart of the difficulty. She produced answers that were remarkably clear and at the same time wonderfully full of common sense. No finer correspondence has ever been given to the world than these published letters that passed between John Wesley and his mother while he was a student at Oxford.

Many a man immersed in business cares or in professional work has owed a large measure of his success to the keen insight of his wife. In the crucial tests of life it has often been found that what she knows

by intuition is of greater value than all his accumulated stores of wisdom and experience. Because she excels in intuition she frequently arrives at correct conclusions in a flash, while he reaches the same deductions much later because he travels on the lumbering stagecoach of logical processes. When great men depart, and the world comes to learn more intimately their personal histories, it is oftentimes found that the very source and mainspring of their lives have been the sympathy and help of their wives.

Nathaniel Hawthorne never would have succeeded as he did without his wife. It was her faith in his latent powers, her sympathy and encouragement, that made him one of the great masters in our literature. Whenever he was congratulated upon the astonishing success of his book *The Scarlet Letter*, he used to point to his wife and say, "The credit all belongs to her."

One high in authority says that the word "wife" is derived from a word meaning to weave, so that the wife was and is the

weaver of the household. In the earlier days much of the clothing was made at home. The wool after it was gathered was spun into the threads by the young unmarried girls of the family, who were called the spinners, from which we have the word "spinster," a word which is now applied to any unmarried woman. The threads were then taken and woven into cloth by the mother of the girls, and hence she became the weaver, or the wife. Herein is a suggestion of the domestic qualities that should characterize a wife's life. Since the home is peculiarly and especially the domain of the wife, it follows that she should be much within the home. It makes little difference whether that home be a four-room flat or a four-story mansion, it is the place where the wife should gather up and weave together all the threads that enter into the warp and woof of domestic life and happiness. Dickens, in his *Bleak House*, has pictured that type of the woman fool in Mrs. Jellyby, who is so greatly interested in outside philanthropic work that she cares

nothing for the interests of her home. Missions in Borrioboola-Gha claim all attention, while the welfare of her children is utterly ignored and household affairs go to wreck and ruin. In all the larger problems of the home life the husband should share with his wife the responsibility for the proper rearing of the children. But it is neither just nor equitable that he should have the domestic duties of the home added to those of his shop or store or office. Much is being said in these times with regard to the "divided responsibility of the home." While it is all fair enough that there should be a certain dividing of the responsibility, when it comes to the conduct of the home and the rearing of the children there are certain responsibilities that the wife and mother should be able to assume without shifting them upon the shoulders of the husband and father. A vast deal of domestic unhappiness and much estrangement between husbands and wives have been owing to the way in which the wife was either unprepared or unwilling to meet what was evidently her rightful

share of the simplest duties of the household care and management. The restoration of true marriage would do more than any other one thing in bringing in the restoration of domestic happiness. True marriage is a union in which the two are so united that each cherishes for the other a stronger attachment than for any other human being; it is a union in which each shares with the whole heart in the other's weal or woe; it is a union which implies a unity of will and purpose in the work of life. Woman came into the world as the complement of man, and bringing that which man did not possess. He has his place while she has hers, and the two places are not interchangeable. Each has what the other has not, and each completes the other. They are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depend upon each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give. Woman helps man by inspiring him constantly to great achievement, by the confidence which she breathes into him, and by the sympathy which she gives to

him. She helps him not so much by what she does herself as by what she inspires him to do. One of the great needs of our times is cultured, highly trained women in our homes. Women can have no nobler ambition than that of making a perfect home. Who that has read Dickens's *David Copperfield* does not recall those frequent conversations between David and his fool wife, in which he tries in vain to give her instruction in some of the simplest things in household management? Not a few men are married to women who not only have never learned to keep house but who have not the least desire to learn how. The only resort for such people is to find refuge in that asylum for domestic incapables and defectives—the boarding house. Mothers in good health who spend their lives in hotels and boarding houses to escape the responsibilities of housekeeping, and who allow their daughters to grow up in ignorance of the various branches of domestic science, stand out among the most conspicuous fools of modern society. Girls whose training in household duties has been

neglected are very apt after their marriage to flee to hotels or boarding houses in order that they may escape the legitimate penalties that come from such neglect. Every self-respecting woman should regard it as a most essential part of her education to know how to prepare and cook foods, for the food that we eat contains within it comeliness or deformity, health or disease, life or death. Bad cooking is frequently the unsuspected cause of intemperate habits, of shattered nerves, and many an aching heart, the insidious destroyer of many a home, inciting domestic discord, which results in divorce. We welcome the new day that has dawned upon us when instruction is now given in many of our universities, colleges, and high schools in domestic science. We find provided in some of our most prominent institutions a four-year college course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Home Economics, the entrance requirement to which is graduation from an accredited high school. The young women who are graduated in this course are fitted to become teachers of

domestic science and domestic art in high schools, to act as dietitians in hospitals, to do special work in food laboratories, not to say anything of the splendid equipment which they have for going into homes of their own as wives and mothers and homemakers. No girl should ever graduate in any high school without taking at least a portion of the course in domestic science. Surely, it is worth while for a girl to know something about the chemistry of foods, about their relative nutritive value, and about the best methods of cooking. It is to a girl's profit to know that lower-priced foods often contain just as much and even more nutrition than those higher priced, and that they can be made fully as appetizing for the table. It is to a girl's advantage when she goes into a clothing or dry goods store by feeling of the textile fabrics and by looking at them to be able to tell whether they are wool or shoddy, and if they are part wool and part cotton to be able to tell about what proportion of wool and cotton is in them. It is to a girl's benefit to know how to

cut out and to fit dresses, although she may never be called upon to make her own clothes; to know how to select her clothing material so that it shall properly blend together and shall harmonize with herself; to know how to fit up and to furnish a house so that when the task is completed the mural decorations, the rugs and other furnishings shall not be so out of color scheme that they will seem to be discordant factions in everlasting warfare. All this knowledge now available for girls in high schools, that teach domestic science, will be of inestimable value to them in after life.

While Jezebel stands as the extreme of wickedness among the women of the Bible, we have the highest and noblest types of womanhood as represented in Sarah, Rachel, Ruth, Hannah, Mary, and Priscilla. In all the pictures of Ruth that have been given to the world every artist's ideal has been as exquisitely featured as his skill could make it. But where has any Bible writer affirmed that Ruth was physically beautiful? The Word of inspiration says

of Sarah and Rebecca that they were "exceedingly fair." But we are nowhere told that Ruth had lovely features, a beautiful complexion, softly beaming eyes, or a graceful figure; yet these are all ascribed to her in all the portraits that hang in the world's art galleries. In literature this young widow stands as the very impersonation of the most charming type of physical womanhood; yet throughout her entire biography in the book that bears her name in the Bible there is not the slightest allusion to her personal appearance. Why, then, has the world proclaimed her as beautiful? It is because of the exceeding beauty of her character, her kindness of heart, magnanimity of spirit, tranquillity of soul under trial, and the intensity of her affection for her friends, that the world has pronounced her lovely, without ever having raised the question as to what may be really learned about her looks.

So it is always. The highest type of beauty is never merely physical. It is the outgleaming of internal virtues, the

golden fruit that ripens from the sweet graces of character.

The soul is better than its frame,
The spirit than its temple.

Where these moral and intellectual qualities exist in a woman's character they give such a glowing radiance to her life, such expressiveness to her face, that whatever her physical appearance, she will be lovely in the eyes of all, and most beautiful to those who know her best. She has what will make her most attractive, when the brightness of her eye has been dimmed with sorrows, when the roses have faded from her cheeks, when the symmetry of her figure has gone. Real beauty, the kind of beauty that lasts, must always have back of it the reserve force of a generous heart and a noble soul.

In the study of the philosophy of history it will be seen that with the coming of every great crisis God has raised up a man equal to the emergency. What is true of man is equally true of woman. Woman may not have been so conspicuous

a figure, but she has been none the less important.

In the days of good King Josiah, when the book of the law was found, the king did not consult with Jeremiah, who was then at the height of his fame, but he submitted the matter to Huldah, the prophetess, to procure an authoritative opinion upon it.

When Samuel's mother consecrated her boy to the service of the Lord, she had no small part in determining the destiny of Israel.

When the mother and grandmother of young Timothy instructed him in the Scriptures, they were factors in the establishment of the apostolic church.

In the life of the apostle Paul, when it was necessary that Apollos should be trained wisely for the ministry, that he should be taught the way of the Lord more perfectly, Paul did not hesitate to give him over to the supervision of a woman as well as a man, so that husband and wife joined together in assisting the young preacher in getting higher and

broader conceptions of the religion that he had been set apart to proclaim among men. Priscilla understood theology so much better than Apollos that after she had heard this brilliant young Alexandrian preacher she took him and "expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly."

The four daughters of Philip the evangelist were public teachers of divine truth.

Paul speaks of Phœbe as the deaconess of the church at Cenchrea, and commends her most highly for the noble work that she accomplished.

A number of the early church fathers, among whom Tertullian, Basil, and Chrysostom are most conspicuous, have written of these deaconesses and of their work. They were set apart by appropriate religious ceremonies to look after the sick, to minister to imprisoned Christians, to do pastoral work, and to teach the catechism to baptized children.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church thus has not only the clear scriptural authority, but the recognized custom of the apostolic church,

in setting apart the order of deaconesses for the work which they are so grandly doing in that denomination to-day.

A large number of the churches of Protestantism would die if it were not for the noble women, who form the greater part of the congregations, sustain the prayer meetings, and bear the spiritual burdens. At a meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly a few years ago, when the report on missions was read, announcing a large sum that had been received from men's estates through legacies, and another big amount was made known that had come from the Woman's Board of Missions, some one at once moved to "extend a vote of thanks to the dead men and the live women of the Presbyterian Church." The phrase "dead men and live women" would well describe the spiritual life of many churches at the present time.

So much is still being said about the natural feminine limitations that it seems to be necessary in some benighted localities to take up the argument that all women are not born natural fools. Our

times are yet in part mediæval in that woman is still seeking to secure equal wages with man, when she has shown her ability to do a given work as well as man, and in that there are withheld from her equal rights of suffrage because she is such an inferior being to man.

All who attended the World's Fair in Chicago and visited the magnificent Woman's Building, the entire plans and specifications for which were drawn by a woman architect, Sophia G. Hayden of Boston, and who beheld that building filled as it was with the inventions, the works, and the achievements of women, all the wonderful products of woman's fertile brain, could not doubt her ability to fill the highest positions of honor and trust.

The breadth of woman's influence is constantly widening, and the field of her activity is continually enlarging. Woman is the strongest social force of to-day. Life is her keyboard, and she may sweep it with a master's touch if she will.

The pledge of woman's right to an equal place with man in the world's workshop

has been in Christianity from the beginning. It was abiding in the teachings of Jesus as well as in the whole spirit and philosophy of the New Testament through all the dreary years of the bondage of the Dark Ages. Christ treated women just as kindly and courteously as he did men, and in his conduct toward women he was immensely superior to his own age. The Jewish rabbis had a saying: "Let no man talk with a woman in the street; no, not even with his wife." But when the woman of Samaria came to Jacob's Well to draw water and found Christ resting there beside it, he entered into a memorable conversation with her as simply and as naturally as if she had been a man. When his disciples came back they were greatly astonished and marveled among themselves that he would condescend to talk thus intimately with a woman. Christ, through his attitude toward women, said at all times, "Women are our equals and our sisters." The gradual unfolding of this principle of the right of woman to an equal place with man belonged to "the

greater things" that Christ declared were yet to come, when he ascended from Olivet.

All doors are open to the woman of to-day. The only limitation is the limitation of individual capacity.

Consider the foolish theory, that prevails in some quarters, that the only business of woman in life is marriage, and that the only training she needs is for matrimony. Most people have a general, vague conception that more girls are born into the world than boys. But this is not true, for statistics show that the birth rate of boys is in excess of that of girls. According to a most reliable authority, statistics that have been taken from the great centers of population as far back as the days of Guizot and Buckle, and for at least seventy-five years in our own American cities, show that there are born into the world one hundred and six boys to every one hundred girls. Yet there are many more women than men in the world for reasons that must be patent to all. Wars have swept away myriads of men, have desolated the world always, and will

continue to do so for years to come. Drunkenness is peculiarly the vice of men, and, of course, destroys many more men than women. Men everywhere engage in the dangerous and extra-hazardous occupations, which are attended by a much larger percentage of fatalities than those in which working women engage. All this causes the depreciation in the number of men, so that in Europe there is not a single nation that does not have in it more women than men. Since the women so far outnumber the men, the theory is neither rational nor tenable that a woman must be married to be useful to society. We may find in the records of state and church, of benevolent societies and of institutions of learning the names of some of the greatest women that have ever lived who have never married. What a noble volume could be written, narrating the magnificent achievements of some of the grand old maids of history!—Miriam, Queen Elizabeth, Florence Nightingale, Maria Mitchell, Mary Lyon, and Frances E. Willard. The world's history could

not be written without large mention of what has been accomplished by women who have never married. Many women have remained single, not because they never had opportunities for marriage, but because the opportunities were not of the right sort. Modestly conscious of their own merits, they would not give their consent to be joined to those who were not their equals. They have preferred to make the journey through life alone rather than to travel the road with the fraction of a man. In short, they have preferred single blessedness to double misery. So it is simply talking nonsense to say that the business of every woman is marriage, and that the woman who does not get married is a social failure. Society is guilty of grave neglect in the preparation of women for the future when it gives them no other training than to be capable wives, good mothers, and efficient house-keepers. Modern training for women must require far more than that.

All girls, whatever their circumstances in life, should fit themselves for some definite

calling. This is necessary for some, and surely prudential for all. Even the girl who is reared in the home of luxury should fit herself for making her own living. She may never need to earn her own way, but she should learn how to work. She requires the discipline of labor, and she also ought not to be deprived of the positive pleasure that there is in work. What misery is so intolerable as that which arises from ennui superinduced by idleness? What joy is so keen as that which springs from the consciousness that one is doing something in the world worth while?

That notion that it is degrading for a young woman to engage in honest toil is gone forever. The girls who make themselves independent by preparing to earn their own living are the ones who really deserve to be honored. They are the ones for whom a safe and secure future can nearly always be predicted. Our own land is rapidly adjusting itself to the new demands and changed requirements for women.

Harriet Martineau, after her visit to

America in 1832, related that she found but seven employments open to women: teaching, needlework and keeping boarders, working in cotton mills, working in book binderies, type-setting, and household service. According to a recent report of the chief of the National Bureau of the Statistics of Labor there are now more than four hundred remunerative occupations open to women.

An unreasoning prejudice has in the past often barred the way against the entrance of women into the professions and occupations which she now so highly honors.

In 1840, with the single exception of Oberlin, there was not one college that was open to women in the United States. Now there are more than two hundred universities and colleges, of all grades in this land, that are open to women. The first woman who was regularly graduated from a medical college was Elizabeth Blackwell, who received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the Medical College at Geneva, New York, in 1849. The faculty referred the matter of her admission to

the students, who took it as a great joke and voted unanimously in favor of her admission to the institution. The announcement of the vote was received with uproarious demonstrations. The faculty reluctantly accepted the decision of the students, for they had expected an entirely different outcome from their ballot. Dr. Blackwell was compelled to go abroad for her clinical study. She was received at the Maternité in Paris with great difficulty, and as a personal favor she was allowed some privileges in the way of visiting hospitals. When she returned from Europe she set to work to provide opportunities of clinical study for women. She established, with the assistance of generous friends, the New York Infirmary for women and children, and from this there grew the Woman's Medical College of New York.

Now women physicians are numbered in the United States by the thousands. They are welcomed everywhere in hospitals, in private families, in the columns of medical journals, and are invited to consultations. They are successful medical

lecturers and are members of county, State, and national medical associations.

Women are now admitted to practice law before the Supreme Court of the United States, who have been members of the bar of the highest court of any State for three years.

The Methodist, Unitarian, Universalist, Disciple, and Free Baptist denominations now admit women to their theological schools; and all these denominations named ordain women to the ministry, except the Methodist.

Women have developed a capacity for public affairs which receives large recognition at the present time. Among many other employments now open to them they are elected or appointed to such offices as county clerk, register of deeds, pension agent, prison commissioner, State librarian, overseer of the poor, school superintendent, and school supervisor. They serve as executors and administrators of estates, as trustees and guardians of property, trusts, and children. They fill positions as engrossing clerks of State legislatures,

as superintendents of women's State prisons, as college presidents and professors, as members of boards of State charities, lunacy and correction, as police matrons and postmistresses. Women are now accountants and pharmacists, cashiers and telegraphers, stenographers and typewriters, dentists and bookkeepers, authors and lecturers, journalists and painters, architects and sculptors. In all these positions they have shown themselves to be fully as capable as men.

In all occupations in which women have shown themselves to be able to do the work as well as men they should receive equal wages. Some excellent people are unnecessarily alarmed over what they term the danger which threatens our American women on account of their admission into nearly all lines of business and professional work. Some women are silly and want to be mannish, just as some men are fools and want to be dudes. But to the average man education, freedom to do and to dare, and the sense of responsibility make him only a manlier man; and such will be the

effect upon womanhood. She will become more completely and wholesomely a woman as she has unfettered opportunity for the development of body, mind, and soul.

Another evidence that mediævalism still survives in our present-day life is found in the claim often made that woman should be kept out of politics, because as man's inferior she is not capable of understanding the problems of politics. How can woman be kept out of politics, when she has always been in politics? Jochebed, when she constructed the tiny ark of bulrushes, making it water-proof and placing her infant son therein and laying it in the flags by the river's brink, took part in politics. Miriam, when she stood guard not far away from her little brother upon the banks of the Nile and secured her own mother as his nurse and teacher, having him conveyed to his own home, where he was instructed in all the great principles of the Hebrew faith, took part in politics. Thermuthis, Pharaoh's daughter, when, in direct opposition to the edict of her own father, she spared the life of the infant Moses, adopted

him into the royal household, and had him trained in all the learning of the Egyptians, took part in politics. Bertha, the wife of King Æthelbert, when she persuaded her husband to listen to the Christian missionaries that had been sent out by Gregory the Great, and thus opened the way for the establishment of the Christian faith upon the soil of Great Britain, took part in politics. Joan of Arc, when she awoke the French nation into a new life and aroused a spirit of burning patriotism which enabled her to lead the French forces most successfully against their enemies, took part in politics. Jenny Geddes, when she arose in the Saint Giles Church in Edinburgh and started a riot by throwing her stool at the head of the dean, who was seeking to force the people to adopt a liturgy to which they were most strongly opposed, took part in politics. Elizabeth Fry, when she inaugurated that mighty reform movement in the sanitary condition of prisoners and in the treatment of individual prisoners which was felt all over Europe, took part in politics. Harriet

Beecher Stowe, when she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a book which created a wave of public sentiment against slavery that swept this land from ocean to ocean, and that did more to overthrow slavery than all the work of both houses of Congress combined, took part in politics. Keep woman out of politics? As well try to keep the stars out of the sky.

Justice demands that woman should have the ballot. With the ballot woman becomes more truly the helpmeet of man. Taxation without representation made a revolution in this country nearly a century and a half ago; and yet we submit to this injustice in the treatment of women without a protest.

Napoleon asked of Madame de Staël, "What makes you women meddle with politics?"

"Ah, sire," she replied, "so long as you will hang us, we must ask the reason."

A woman who was asked, "Who will take care of the children while you go to the polls?" answered, "The same one who takes care of them when I go to pay my taxes."

No one will deny that, physically, mentally, and morally, woman deserves the ballot. There are those who claim that the home is the unit of society and that it is large enough as woman's sphere, and who contend that woman, if she has the ballot, must be prepared to bear arms in defense of it.

Horace Greeley was once having a discussion with Elizabeth Cady Stanton upon the subject of woman suffrage, and he said to her: "What would you do in time of war if you had woman suffrage, Mrs. Stanton?"

"Just what you did during the Civil War, Mr. Greeley," was the instant rejoinder. "I would stay at home and urge others to go and fight."

The anti-woman suffragists forget that woman with the ballot may still be in the home sphere, for she can still protect the home by voting; and that as man's helper she is able to defend the ballot. What he does upon the battlefield she can do among the wounded in the hospital; her work in helping is fully as important as man's work in fighting.

Every vice, every most deadly evil seems to rest at last its greatest burden of sorrow and of woe on woman. As we look into history we find that she has been the greatest sufferer. She suffers most from the degradation of irreligion and infidelity, from the curse of drink, and from the evil of social impurity, and when she becomes personally depraved she sinks lower and becomes more degraded than man. Yet woman's intuitions are much quicker than man's intuitions. Gifted with a keener natural discernment, she gets more comfort out of religion and dispenses more of its gentle spirit. The time is coming when, standing upon the platform of equal rights with man, she will be able to wield a still larger influence for good.

IV

THE RICH FOOL

Thus we play the fool with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.
—*Shakespeare*.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—*Emerson*.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him. An investment in knowledge pays the best interest.—*Franklin*.

IV

THE RICH FOOL

CHRIST reenforces the lesson of stewardship so clearly taught in the Old Testament, and brings it to a focus in his parable of the foolish rich man. Far from regarding himself as a steward of the manifold grace of God, this man completely ignored his responsibility to the Father Almighty in the matter of his possessions. He speaks of "my fruits" and "my goods," and is described by Christ as laying up treasure for himself, looking upon all the increase of his fields as exclusively his own. Feeling the need of larger accommodations for the rich yield from his land, and determining to pull down his barns and build greater, he looked forward to this desired end as if it had already been accomplished, and rejoiced in anticipation over the good time that he would have. But the decree came forth from the Eternal at the very

time when he was gleefully calculating on this future enjoyment: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee. Then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?" That is the simple story as Christ gives it, and this is the moral which he adds to it: "So," that is such a fool, so great a fool, "is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God."

If the scriptural doctrine of stewardship were universally acted upon by those who are possessed of property, the theory of communism would cease to exist. The communist says to the capitalist: "You have no right to hold your property. It is not yours. It belongs to me and to others. It should be divided up, and we should all share alike. If you do not divide your property, I will come and take it by force." That is robbery. But the Christian says: "My property belongs to God. I am God's steward. He has given me my property to use for him, and I will use it under his direction for the good of others." That is stewardship. We would find in this right-

ful exercise of Christian stewardship the antidote for many of the troubles that are agitating the labor world at the present time.

In this age of intense commercialism it would seem that all classes are following Iago's advice to Roderigo—"Put money in thy purse." Roderigo had fallen in love with Desdemona, but the maiden had chosen to bestow her affections in another direction. Roderigo was passing through that stage of experience, which most men pass through in their youth, when he felt that life was not worth living without the object of his affections to share it with him. The sun would shine in vain without her smiles. No flower would have any perfume if it could not be plucked and worn upon her breast. So he went to Iago in his despondency, and said, "I will incontinently drown myself."

Iago replied: "Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon. Come, be a man: drown thyself? Drown cats and blind puppies. I profess

me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favor with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills—fill thy purse with money. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it in a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst.”

All this advice was the counsel of a false friend, the admonition of a traitor to all virtue and honesty, the recommendation of an arch conspirator and companion in treachery to Judas Iscariot. Nevertheless, the advice, “Put money in thy purse,” is very pertinent and of great value. No man can get through this life as he ought to without having some money in his purse.

Money is the circulating medium of any country. Its existence in some form is necessary for purposes of traffic and trade. It is indispensable in effecting sales and making purchases. All nations, both civilized and savage, have striven to make some convenient form of currency. That word "currency" is derived from the Latin *curere*, "to run," which no doubt accounts for the remarkable rapidity with which it slips through a man's fingers.

As far back as we go in history we find Abraham with his shekels, bartering with silver and gold. Coins are in existence more than three thousand years old, but none can tell who made or stamped the first coin. In ancient Sparta iron was used as money. A Spartan lady, when she went shopping, would have needed a slave and an ox cart to carry her necessary cash. Lycurgus was a wise man, and in the use of his iron money was prompted by the double purpose to keep the Spartans at home, for that kind of money would be absolutely worthless in any place outside of Sparta, and to keep them from being

corrupted by foreign manners. In the time of Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, seven hundred years before Christ, stamped leather was used, from which the word *pecunia* is derived. From this word there comes that elegant phraseology, which we use when a man is hard up, and we say he is exceedingly impecunious. In Hindoostan, they used cowries or shells as a medium of exchange. From this use of shells for money there has come our common, everyday phrase, "to shell out." In the earlier days of American history a great deal of tobacco was used for money; times have now so changed that a great deal of money is used for tobacco. About the middle of the seventeenth century the then new colony of Virginia prescribed the quality and the quantity of tobacco that should circulate as money.

Our Puritan ancestors were very good men, but they were not without their human failings. This is seen in the early laws that were enacted against the abuse of money. It is a noteworthy fact that every silver coin has a raised ring around

its outer edge; but silver coins were first made without these raised rings, until a law was passed that they should be so manufactured. Only a single generation after the landing of the Pilgrims, it was found necessary to pass a law prohibiting the clipping of coin. As this law proved ineffective, they put a raised ring around the edge of the coin, and declared that no coin would be valid or pass current when its ring was cut away.

A certain woman confounded the New England community in which she lived more than two centuries ago, and after the time that the law just referred to was passed. Her husband kept a tollgate; and although they were poor people, yet it was soon noticed that his wife had secured the necessary means somewhere with which to purchase for herself a set of table silver. The women of this Massachusetts town at once set themselves to work at the arduous but agreeable task of finding out where and how this woman got her silver. Did anyone ever yet discover a company of women who were not equal to a self-imposed duty

of this kind? They were, of course, successful, and they discovered that of all silver coins which passed into and through the hands of the gatekeeper as toll-money, that although no coin was clipped upon the edges, yet there was a hole in the center of each coin. The keeper of the toll-gate had invented a machine that punched a hole in each coin. "Many a mickle makes a muckle," and as they carefully saved all the little pieces of silver that were punched out, it was not long until his wife had her silverware. So a new law had to be passed in Massachusetts against punching holes in coins.

Not a single word can be found in the Bible against money. The Old Testament says, "Money answereth all things." Our Lord wrought a miracle to secure a piece of money with which to pay his taxes. He appointed Judas as the treasurer of the band of the disciples. Judas, it is true, was a type of the modern recreant Christian defaulter. Nevertheless, he was appointed to take charge of the funds with the consent of our Lord.

What is condemned in the Bible is the love of money. It is "the love of money" which "is the root of all evil." It is not a sin for a man to get rich, if he can do it honestly. It is not wrong for a man to acquire wealth, if he spend his money wisely and generously for charitable and benevolent purposes after he has gotten it together. But it is the narrow, selfish, and sordid aggrandizement of wealth; it is the idolatrous worship of the mighty dollar that came under the just condemnation of Christ.

If those who give vent to fierce philippics upon money, who indulge in indiscriminate condemnation of money and all money-getting, were really taken at their own suggestion, they would soon reverse their judgments. If men should really cease to strive for money, these alarmists would become at length dismayed at the success of their own experiment. They would hasten, after a time, to rekindle the ambition for the acquisition of money. The desire for the attainment of wealth is one of the mighty factors in speeding

forward the wheels of the world's thought and activities.

It was the money advanced by Queen Isabella of Spain that fitted out the three little ships of Columbus with which he made his voyage of discovery to this Western world. It was the money advanced by the crowned heads of Europe that fitted out expedition after expedition to this newly discovered continent, and that enabled the leaders of these expeditions to continue their researches and explorations, until the world came to know the richness and vastness of this new western hemisphere. It was the seven million two hundred thousand dollars in gold, given by the United States in 1867, that purchased from Russia our territory of Alaska. The desirability of the purchase having been strongly championed by William H. Seward, then Secretary of State, the papers sneeringly referred to it as "Seward's Folly" and characterized it as the purchase of icebergs and sea lions. The payment of such a great sum at a time when, immediately following our Civil

War, our national debt loomed so large struck the average citizen as a piece of the most stupendous folly. But we have found wonderful resources in Alaska, in the fishing and mining interests, and in the export of seal furs, that have all been developed since it became a part of our national domain. That little investment of ours in the Northwest is now paying in its annual commerce more every year than its original purchase money. "Seward's Folly" was one of the best bargains Uncle Sam ever made.

This desire for the acquisition of wealth has also been one of the mighty factors in the material development of our great national resources. It has brought the virgin prairies under cultivation and has drained our marshes, bringing new large areas of richest soil under the plow and the harrow. It has made millions of acres of our land wave with the golden glory of the abundant harvests. It has tunneled our mountains and has spanned our largest rivers. It has interwoven the network of steel bands across the continent and has

dotted the seas of earth with the countless sails of commerce. It has built our large cities, and has caused a nation here to spring into life—great, prosperous, and free. It is to the best interests of all men that there should be printing presses for the dissemination of good literature; that there should be Christian churches, Christian colleges and universities, mission stations, hospitals, asylums for the insane, and schools for the blind, deaf, and dumb; and that we should have all the magnificent machinery of our modern Christian civilization. It takes money to run all these things. Man wants the freedom of religion and the freedom of thought. He wants all the best things that belong to an advanced intellectual culture, all the great ideas that books can give to him. It requires money to procure all these things. It is the rich man's steamships that bear the missionaries over the sea to the heathen. It is the rich man's railroads that transport the servants of the Lord from city to city, from village to village, and from church to church, with

amazing promptness and velocity. Hospitals and homes for the aged, asylums and countless charities flourish, vitalized and fertilized by the gold of wealthy men and women.

In view of the great good that is being done in this world by those who are called rich, we have no right to condemn indiscriminately all wealth and all wealth-getting. We have many thoroughly consecrated men and women to whom God has given great wealth who regard themselves as stewards of his manifold mercies to disburse the funds which they regard as a sacred trust. When we look at the matter of our national wealth the question comes to us freighted with tremendous responsibilities. It is the field of marvelous mercantile and manufacturing establishments. It is the prolific source of products that are at once amazing and almost infinite in their variety. It is the organized skill and intelligence which have spelled out the secrets of nature and have won her to the service of humanity. The dreams of former generations seem at last

about to be realized. The dominion of man over the forces of nature is apparently upon the eve of being triumphantly crowned.

Such wealth as that which we possess as a nation is phenomenal; and it has been largely the creation of only a few decades of production, while the resources of Europe represent the growth of centuries. And yet we are only just beginning to develop our vast agricultural areas, our mines, our railroad systems, our oil and gas wells, and our manufacturing plants, with their endless variety in machinery and product.

Wealth has great malevolent as well as benevolent possibilities. It can stand in the pathway of the municipal and the civil good. It can be used to corrupt juries and lawyers and to bribe lawmakers. It can pervert local and national legislation, buy votes, debauch the community and corporation conscience, and make men grossly material in their daily lives.

We behold to-day the vast concentration of wealth in the hands of the comparatively few, and the still vaster con-

centration of production and transportation in the hands of powerful syndicates. We have the billion-dollar trust now, and other mergers and combines that are almost as large. The multimillionaire of to-day bids fair soon to be surpassed by the billionaire of to-morrow. This concentration, this organization of capital on the one side is driving labor to such a completeness of organization as the world has never known before. We find in these days of social unrest that a cheap and perishing notoriety can easily be gained by a leader who in times of conflict between capital and labor loudly champions the cause of belligerent labor unions and striking rioters. But all these debated questions belong to the calmer judgment of our republic as a whole, and they should be settled, not in the interests of one section, but in the interests of the entire country. We may freely grant that under the craze of a fierce commercial competition capital may have bought men body and soul; but even then labor has no right to stride forward to the throne of dominion, over the prostrate

forms of workingmen who have been maimed or killed for working in opposition to the orders of labor unions.

All money-getting should be regarded only as a means to the attainment of the highest and noblest ends of life. A man's real worth is his soul-worth. But in the life of our times the mind is not always made the measure of the man. Real worth and soul-worth are not always accepted as synonyms. In market listings moral values are often subjected to heavy discounts. When anyone comes up for discussion in business or social circles the most of people ask, "How much is he worth?" What do they mean by that question? Do they mean how many broad fields of the mind's possession? Do they mean how many bonded securities have been laid away in the bank of the soul for the world that is to come? Do they mean how many splendid treasures of a noble character have been accumulated as reserve fund for that endless future life? No; not at all. They mean how much is he worth in the listing that always ap-

pears largest when a man takes the private mental inventory of what he has, and that dwindles almost to the vanishing point when the appraiser comes around. How much is he worth in dollars and cents, in houses and lands, in stocks and bonds, in gilt-edged mortgages and first-class securities upon real estate?

One of Chicago's multimillionaires used to be heard by his servants as he tossed night after night on his bed, saying, "O God! I wonder when it will be morning." The next morning that man might have commanded twenty millions of dollars, but he was a veritable pauper in spirit. He had the eyes and the feelings of a hawk, and was ever ready to pounce on anything that promised to yield back money to his beak and claws. He was sagacious and shrewd and cunning about money matters up to the very last; but he was a poverty-stricken wretch in all that peace and comfort and happiness which money is supposed to bring. He loved nobody, and nobody loved him. He went about gritting his teeth, when he remembered

how his heirs were cursing and swearing because he lived so long. His heart was a perfect desert, utterly barren in everything that makes life worth the living.

One of our American men of wealth, who was worth one hundred millions of dollars, came to his death by slow starvation. He was utterly unable to digest any solid food for months before his death. He gave great feasts, yet he was not able to taste any of the delicacies himself. He gave a lavish entertainment on his yacht to some of the most noted members of the English nobility only a little while before he died. The banquet was spread in the dining room, a room as beautiful as an apartment in a king's palace. The table was a mass of glittering plate and exquisite china, cut glass, and rare flowers. The servants were bustling about here and there putting the final touches to the sumptuous board, when suddenly there tottered feebly into the room, attended by his valet, the wraith of the master of all this opulence and luxury. He surveyed the table with his pathetic eyes, and then

feebly said, "What does all this lay-out amount to, when any street beggar enjoys more of life than I do?"

Many a man who has gone to the far West, and who has struggled to amass the large fortune which he has at last acquired, has supposed that after he has gotten his wealth together he would be able to buy with it perfect peace and happiness. To this end he has removed to some great city, built a palatial home on a fashionable avenue, and has gotten into society life. But he has found that sball and receptions bore him, that late dinners do not agree either with his head or stomach, and that the sort of life which he thought would contain for him such a store of pleasure has in it no pleasure at all.

A certain copper king had removed to a metropolitan center with all his millions and found the rounds of life upon which he had entered most distasteful and burdensome. He was visited in his beautiful home by his old mine partner from the West, who said to him, after having been conducted all over his magnificent mansion:

“Well, Tom, you surely cannot say you haven’t everything that you want?”

“Yes,” was the quick retort, “there is one thing I haven’t got that I do want. I want a parrot to hang up in a cage in my front hallway, that has been trained to say every time he sees me enter the door, ‘Here comes the old fool again.’”

So when we ask the question, “What is a man worth?” we observe that there is a great deal more that enters into the answer to that question than the enumeration of real estate and mortgages, of securities and dollars in the bank. Whenever a business man dies all who have known him in a business way at once set to work to reckon up his profits and losses, to balance his books of life, and to ask, “What was the man worth?” The answer comes in stocks and bonds, in houses and lots, and the general public is satisfied with that sort of an answer. But the friends of his heart, who stand around his casket, do not reckon it that way. They search their memories for every kind action, for every good deed, for every loving thing

that they have ever known him to do. They garner every noble sentiment that they have heard him utter and treasure every high aspiration and lofty purpose that they have known him to cherish. These are the riches that are regarded as of the highest worth in that sad hour by the friends of his heart. These riches are the exponents of the soul-life. They show the spiritual manhood that had been attained, the stock of noble character that had been acquired. When at such times we ask, "What is a man worth?" God answers, "Man's greatest worth is in the possession of a pure and noble character."

It has come to be among the highest encomiums that can be uttered to have it said at the decease of any public man, when it can be honestly said of him, "He died poor." Emphasis was given to this fact in the tributes that were given to the life and character of Senator John A. Logan. One of our leading American newspapers said concerning him: "During his long public career his personal integrity was never questioned. He never derived

private profit from the opportunities of public place." All alike, friend and foe, gave willing assent to the truthfulness of that statement. That old adage, which is of the highest authority, gains only in luster with the passage of the years: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

It is often the case that more civility is shown to rascality in broadcloth than to a hero in rags. Currency, like charity, often covers a multitude of sins. It is better than oxalic acid for taking stains out of character. It is the best of all disinfectants for destroying disagreeable odors.

In Baltimore one man said to another, meeting him upon the street Monday, "Why did you take that nigger into your pew with you yesterday morning at church?"

The man replied, "He is a gentleman from Hayti."

"I don't care from what place he comes, he is nothing but a nigger."

"But he is a friend of mine whom I

esteem very highly. I have corresponded with him for several years. He is finely educated, a graduate of Harvard, and spent a year in travel and study abroad."

"I don't care; he is only a nigger, and you had no business to bring him into your pew at our church."

"But he is worth a million of dollars."

"Worth a million of dollars! You don't say! Give me an introduction to him."

We have everywhere a class of men, yeomen tried and true, who will not bow down in servile humility before the altar of the mighty dollar; who always revere genuine soul-worth whenever they see it; who always honor noble character, although they may see it clad in patched garments and dwelling in humble cottages; who will recognize no aristocracy but that of heart and brains, of moral worth and intellectual power. We meet now and then with men of wealth who have gotten together all their riches wrongfully and fraudulently; whose lives are deeply stained with open sin; who have coined their money from tears and blood; who have devoured wid-

ows' houses and are rolling to-day in their ill-gotten wealth, scarcely a penny of which has come to them fairly or equitably. Let those who will bow down in cringing, fawning subservience before such idols and worship such dishonestly and dishonorably acquired wealth. But we still have Mordecais, who remain unmoved at the king's gate, despising such ill-gotten gain and the man who has gotten it together.

Money cannot buy for us the capacity for enjoying the best things of earth. In the midst of the wealth of the universe many a person is starving because he does not have the power to see and to enjoy the riches that are all around him and within the reach of us all. What a vivid illustration is that which George MacDonald gives of the old man and his son living in the castle, which they owned and which had been handed down to them through many generations, yet so poor that they could scarcely get the bread to keep them from starving! Some of their remote ancestors had stored up and concealed within that very castle a large

amount of gold and some very costly jewels for the use of any of their descendants who might be in want. Although this old man and his son were right close by riches that would have given to them the greatest abundance, yet they were in a starving condition, because they did not know of their own wealth. In the midst of

Ten thousand harps attuned
To angelic harmonies,

men sit deaf and mute to the music of daily life that is within the reach of all.

Every month in the year people go to Niagara for their first visit who stand gazing upon that greatest wonder of the world with no more emotion stirring within their souls than if they were looking at some milldam nearest their own home; and they spend their time while there in trying to calculate its exact commercial value if all its power could be utilized. There are those who look at the western sky when it is all aflame with a glow as if it were some vast celestial furnace where new worlds are being made, and they can see

in all that grandeur and glory only an indication that to-morrow will be a nice day without rain. There are people who have no music within their souls who cannot enter into the pleasures and delights of the productions of the masters because their souls have never been strung to the key of those immortal symphonies.

If one actually has the love of beauty enthroned within, he will see beauty everywhere. If one really has the love of music within his soul, he will hear music everywhere. Birds and trees, plants and flowers, brooks and rivers will sing to him their melodies. If one is possessed with the keen desire to learn all the lessons that nature has to teach to him, he will see everywhere

books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

In an intellectual sense, as well as in a physical sense, we possess only as much as we are able to assimilate. Therefore he is the richest man who absorbs into himself the most of the best in the world

in which he lives, who gives the most of himself out to others, and in whose possessions others feel the richest. To be rich is to have a strong and robust constitution; to have "godliness with contentment, which is great gain"; to have an appreciation of the beautiful in nature; to have access to libraries containing the world's best books, and to have a mind so liberally stored that one is enabled to say with quaint old Edward Dyer:

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind.

Many who meet with losses of property find it very difficult to discover the silver linings to these dark clouds of financial disaster. But the assets are still far in excess of the liabilities if in the loss of all earthly possessions a person still has health and strength, if his family circle abide in an unbroken bond of loving companionship, if he still has left his business honor untarnished and unsullied, and his conscience

clear in the sight of God. If he has these still left to him, after the storms of financial disaster have made a wreck of all his worldly goods, he still has left a fortune which should be regarded as having far greater intrinsic value than all the registered bonds of the Astors and Vanderbilts. A young business man of noble character, who had large property holdings, but who in the time of a commercial panic, after a series of financial misfortunes, lost everything that he had, said to a friend, "I have lost all but my wife, my two children, my energy, and my good name." Who for one moment would question the fact that that young business man still had in these priceless treasures that were yet left to him that which was of infinitely greater value than all the stock and the entire contents of the vaults of the largest and strongest bank in his own city? Who would weigh gold in the balances against the helpfulness, the sympathy, and the companionship of a devoted wife, whose price the wise man declares is far above rubies, the heart of whose husband doth

safely trust in her, and whose children arise up and call her blessed? Who would exchange bank stock for the merry laughter and the joyous prattle of the children, that give light and love to the home circle? Who would exchange God-given energy for any kind of bonds that bind a man to a life of inglorious inactivity, of utter supineness, when it comes to making the most out of himself in this life, morally and intellectually? Who would exchange his good name for filthy lucre, when universal experience confirms the truth that "loving favor is rather to be chosen than silver and gold"? There are stocks of mental and moral endowment, there are gold mines of love and personal power, there are bonds of character that are the rightful heritage of every true man and woman, for which we can find no just equivalent in all the combined riches of earth.

Making money just for the sake of making money is not apt to make manhood. As wealth increases under such a motive the soul shrivels. The fact that a man has a family Bible in the house,

lying on the center table, does not make him a Christian any more than having a sword hanging on the wall above the open fire place makes a man a soldier. What we are makes us much richer than what we have. Character is above all material possessions. He who has nothing but money is a pauper. As Emerson says, "Without a rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar." It is a sad thing to see an old man begging bread. But it is sadder still to see an aged millionaire tottering on the verge of the grave, who has starved his soul to fatten his purse, whose covetousness and greed for gold have dried up all the noblest springs of his life, and stifled all his aspirations for the good, the true, and the beautiful. Many who are rich in the abundance of things which they possess are dying from starvation of the higher and better nature, whose souls have become so dwarfed and atrophied that the very power of exercising faith in God has died out of their lives.

Christ has shown how all may make themselves rich toward God by laying up

treasure in heaven. Here is revealed a principle that holds in hard times or good. It is just the same whether the gold or silver standard prevails. It is never affected by political, social, or commercial revolutions. The assurance that we have treasures in heaven gives rest in weariness, comfort in trouble, an anchor both sure and steadfast in the storm, confidence in perplexity, hope in despair, joy in sorrow. While it is true that treasures of earth can be thus laid up in heaven, yet in the personal building up of a noble, Christ-like character, there are laid up on earth some of the very choicest treasures of heaven. The only kind of riches that can be taken into the other world are soul-riches: honor and integrity, purity and nobility, Christlikeness. When moving day comes those who go from one house to another collect all their valuables together and transfer them to the other home, while all the trash, that is not worth taking, is gathered up and thrown out as worthless refuse. When the final moving day comes, will the soul have real

valuables to take with it or only worthless trash? Treasures can be laid up in heaven by investing time and talent, consecrated energy and money in the kingdom of God. In seeking and securing the higher values the temporal may be transformed into the eternal. Money may be invested in such a way that it will mold the immortal natures of men, and be made instrumental in building structures that will outlast "the wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds." The plain and clear teaching of the gospel is that greatness of endowment carries with it corresponding greatness of obligation in the line of service. We are coming slowly but surely under the sway of this gospel principle. More and more is the free man becoming the emancipator of the enslaved. The learned man is becoming more widely the teacher and helper of the ignorant. The powerful man is increasingly becoming the protector and defender of the weak. The rich man, out of his abundance, is becoming more largely the provider for the worthy poor.

Ashley Cooper, better known as the

Earl of Shaftesbury, belonged to one of the most prominent families in England in wealth and social standing. From the very beginning of his notable career he manifested the deepest interest in the welfare of the children of the poor, seeking to help them in every way possible. Frances Power Cobb once wrote him a letter asking what could ever have tempted him to leave the society of royalty and become the knight-errant of the poor. He replied that when he was a lad of ten or twelve he was grieved to see that nearly all the aristocratic boys with whom he played looked down upon the poorer children and taunted them. In his mission to the poor he not only founded schools and orphanages and gave large endowments for securing pensions to the aged, but he gave himself in service to the poverty-stricken and the outcast. Instead of going out to dinner or to some social function, or even to his home, following a session in the House of Lords that lasted until midnight, he frequently went out on the streets of London, and with a paid attend-

ant made his way to the sheltered ends of the London bridges and collected the cold and the hungry, the waifs and even would-be-suicides and provided food and shelter for them, a chance to work, and an opportunity for a better life. He worked in this way through a long term of years, for he lived to be an old man. He invested his life in the kingdom of God, and when he died there was such a funeral in London as it had never seen even at the death of a king. There were marching thousands in the procession, and the sound of weeping was heard not only in the London streets but in every city in the United Kingdom. More honor was shown to him upon his departure than was given to any of his peers, whether they were famous in statesmanship, in art, or in scholarship. Lord Salisbury, England's Prime Minister, in speaking of him in the House of Lords said: "Lord Shaftesbury goes down to his grave honored by the rich and beloved by the poor. The greatness of England consists not in its trade and commerce, nor in its navy, whose

battleships ride the seas, but in men like Lord Shaftesbury."

The real riches not only of England but of the world consist, not in first-class securities that lie in fire-proof and burglar-proof vaults, not in property holdings which in their productive value have become as rich in yield as a gold mine in the Klondike, but the world's real riches consist in great hearts like that of Lord Shaftesbury, who in response to the world's hunger for love and sympathy, for comfort and help, give themselves in service to others.

John Ruskin fell heir to a large patrimony, and as one of the greatest prose writers of the nineteenth century, with the immense income that came from his books, he doubled his fortune. World-famous as an author at twenty-one, court and legislative hall, college and university united in paying him reverence and homage. Walking through the White Chapel district in East London one day, he saw sights that made his heart sick. Every brick that his feet touched in the pave-

ment oozed with filth. In all that section of the city there were no parks, no verdure, no flowers. The people had no reading rooms, no libraries, no art galleries, no healthful or helpful social centers, no means of wholesome recreation, no opportunity to raise themselves out of their hell of degradation. Evil was everywhere dominant, anarchy was rampant. As Paul heard in the call of the man of Macedonia at Troas the condensed cry of all Europe for the gospel, so Ruskin in the vision that came to him in East London that day heard the composite call of all the submerged millions of our cities for help. A pioneer in social settlement work, he drew upon his own large means, and founded and established in that White Chapel district clubs and charities, schools and museums. He took thither and placed in these schools and museums for the use of those people many of his books and curios, and a large number of his paintings and art treasures. And not only this, but he went to the White Chapel district himself once every week and gave to those poor, degraded,

woe-begone people a whole day of Christ-like service, the best that there was in him to give.

We are preaching in these times the new evangel, a gospel for the bodies as well as for the souls of men. The most of religion consisted formerly in teaching men how to get ready to die; now we believe in teaching men how to get ready to live. We no longer spend our time in talking and in dreaming about the celestial city that is to come; we are striving with all our might to make more celestial the earthly cities that now are. We are thinking less about the golden streets yonder and more about clean streets here; less about the songs of the heavenly home and more about the sanitation of the earthly home; less about the open gates of pearl and more about the open gates of the saloon, the policy shop, and the gambling hell. This sort of religion is a new kind. It is unknown and unheard of in some quarters, because it is personal, practical, and comes down to the problems of everyday living. It is a new religion to some

because it seeks to help people with their burdens not only on Sunday but on all the other six days of the week.

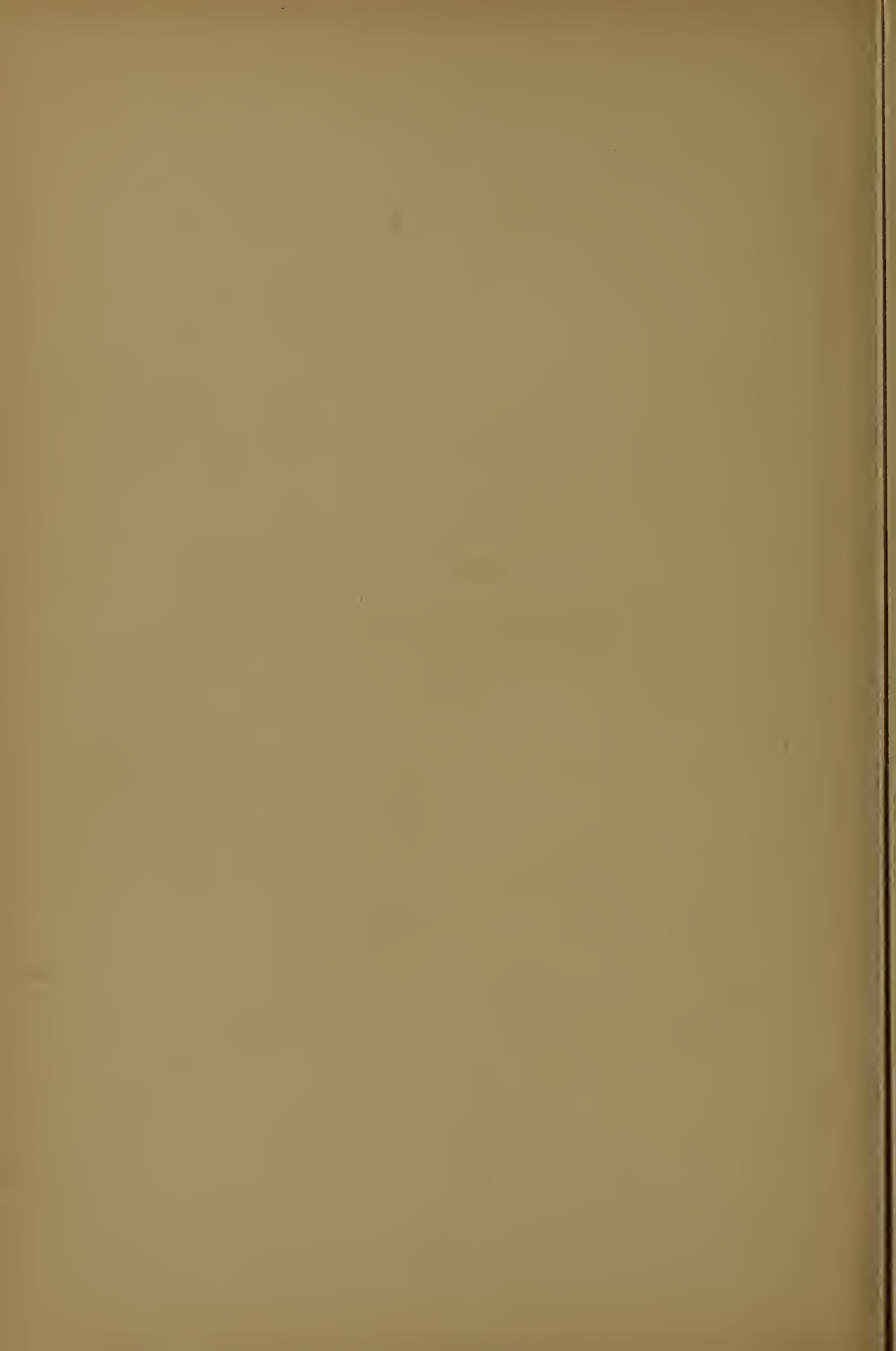
The power to make money is the gift of God. "It is He that giveth thee power to get wealth." Men often regard their power to make money as peculiarly their own power, never thanking God for it; its domination thus sometimes leading them to declare their independence of God. They make money their god, while their souls become as hard and metallic as the gold that they worship. The influence which the ability to make money gives should be used for God. The money-making ability implies the possession of industry, economy, patience, and all the other stalwart and sturdy qualities of character that go to make true manhood. But it should be continually remembered that the possession of money is not proof that a man is good or great: it may be an index to his rascality. When poverty is a personal asset it is no indication that a man is good or great: it may point with unerring finger to his improvidence, his laziness, or his dishonesty,

by which he has lost reputation and credit and his means have vanished. But the ability to make money honestly gives one a standing which he may use for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. The money-maker who has formed the habit of systematic giving for the upbuilding of God's kingdom has the sweet satisfaction of knowing that he is a worker together with God in carrying out his wise plans for the world's betterment. The rich man who trusts "in the living God who giveth us richly all things to enjoy" should ever be mindful that these gifts give to him as God's steward the ability and the opportunity for doing good. He may, by making right use of these gifts of God, become rich in wealth that will last when gold and silver have ceased to be the current coin.

Surely no rational Christian can read the teachings of Christ in the New Testament upon the subject of giving, as they are set forth in his Sermon on the Mount, in the incident of the rich young ruler, and in his parables of the foolish rich man,

the unrighteous steward, and the rich man and Lazarus, and not be convinced that he clearly teaches that we are stewards of the manifold grace of God, and that all our property is put into our hands to be used according to the will of God. Paul, in the application which he makes of the principles and teachings of Christ upon the subject of giving to the churches which he had founded, settles upon a method of giving which has in it two underlying principles which are applicable to all churches and to all times: systematic giving and proportionate giving. Paul, in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, says: "Now concerning the collection. . . . Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." This means that we are to give not only systematically, but that we are also to give proportionately to our income. We find many persons who give most unsystematically and not at all in proportion to their income. We find many others who give systematically in that there is no deviation from the fixed sum which they

give year after year. Their annual income has grown until it is twice, thrice, four times, in some cases many times, what it was when they began giving that certain fixed sum, and yet they continue to give just that same total amount year after year and no more. That is not according to either the Christian requirement or to the Pauline standard. We are to give as God hath prospered us. When a man gives systematically he gives constantly instead of occasionally and spasmodically. Thus his giving becomes a real joy instead of a burden, as so many make it. When he increases his giving proportionately to his income he gives according to his ability instead of according to his inclination.



V

THE KING FOOL

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may
play the fool nowhere but in his own house.—
Shakespeare.

He who reigns within himself and rules passions,
desires and fears, is more than King.—*Milton.*

Real glory springs from the conquest of our-
selves; and without that the conqueror is naught
but the veriest slave.—*Thomson.*

V

THE KING FOOL

REMARKABLE and vivid were the contrasts in the life of David. When only a humble shepherd lad he was anointed as Israel's future king. As a skilled musician, as "a cunning player on an harp," he appeared before Saul, when that monarch was dejected and greatly depressed, and as he played and sang on, "Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." In Robert Browning's "Saul," pronounced by eminent critics "A Messianic oratorio in words" and "incomparably the finest lyric in modern poetry," he represents David as pitying Saul's great gloom, and in the great effort which he makes to overcome his despondency, through his powerful appeals to the heart of the king, he is shown as engaging in an intellectual battle far more severe and trying than the combat in which he engaged with Goliath.

An unknown peasant youth, coming from his country home to the seat of war between the Philistines and his own nation, he in a brief period became a warrior of great renown among his own people, lauded and honored by thousands. Coming at length to his crown and scepter, the king became the sinner, the story of whose sin forms one of the darkest recitals in the annals of the Bible; but the sinner, through the transforming power of divine grace, was changed into a pattern of godliness. As the sweet singer of Israel he was the greatest of the Hebrew poets. As the conqueror of the hereditary foes of Israel in successful battles he was pursuer. As the object of Saul's unreasoning jealousy and vindictive hatred, and as an exile, he was pursued.

When David was in hiding in the wilderness of Ziph he was followed by Saul at the head of three thousand men. Saul and his soldiers were so wearied by their forced and rapid day's march that they went at once into camp. They felt themselves to be so secure with such a large force as

compared with David's little band, that they did not even establish any sentinels, and were soon all lost in a deep sleep. David and Abishai, thoroughly familiar with every nook and corner of that part of the country, in the darkness of the night made their way into Saul's camp. They came up to the sleeping king, and could easily have slain him, Abishai entreating David's permission to kill the unconscious monarch, but David sternly commanded him not to do it. They took, however, the king's spear and bolster, that were close by the place where he lay, and escaped to the surrounding heights. They awakened Saul's army by their repeated shouts, and David from the hilltop reasoned with Saul, who was greatly touched at the compassion shown by David in sparing him, when he was told how his life had been in jeopardy. David demanded to know why he should be hunted and driven about from place to place as if he were some wild beast, and that Saul should tell him what wrong, if any, he had committed against him. He wished to ascertain what

evil Saul had laid at his door and what he really had against him. David assured him that if it was the Lord that had stirred him up to this action, then he was ready to repent and to make an offering therefor before God. But if evil men had stirred him up thus to persecute him without just cause, they were an accursed lot and were utterly unworthy of exercising any such influence over him. He declared that as to capturing him, Saul might just as well try to catch a flea in the open field, or attempt to hunt down a partridge in the mountains, as to try to run him down and hunt him out of his hiding place in such a wilderness. Saul was greatly moved by David's words, and for the time being he saw the folly and wickedness of his actions toward him. All the worthless excuses that he had been making to ease his own conscience for his shameful treatment of David were swept away by the burning words of his pleading subject as he exclaimed (and for the moment he was perfectly sincere in what he said), "I have sinned: return, my son David: for I will no more do thee

harm, because my soul was precious in thine eyes this day: behold, I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly."

However wise and bright and strong a man may be, unrestrained sin will always get him to playing the fool before he gets through with life.

One of the dying martyrs of democracy cried out upon the scaffold, "O Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" And every man who has brought dire punishment upon himself as the direct result of unrestrained sin, has felt: "O Liberty, what hells have been dug in thy name!" That young man who said: "I want to be free. I wish to feel that I can do just as I please. I shall release myself from all trammels of usage and custom. I shall drink whatever I please and whenever I please. I shall give free range to my desires in every direction"—that young man dug a hell for himself in the name of liberty. That young woman who said: "I have no use for these old-fashioned doctrines, these antiquated notions of right and wrong, these moldy and musty church

ideas, these worn-out conceptions of propriety and impropriety. I am going to break all these fetters, and be a law unto myself. I am going to be entirely independent of the social order"—that young woman dug a hell for herself in the name of liberty.

God's universe is a far grander government, a far wiser, a far more tender and gracious administration of law than any human administration of law can be; and it is an accepted principle of all human governments that there is no liberty except under the law. All great statesmen and all large-minded publicists see that all real liberty runs to law, and that all genuine law produces genuine liberty. Whenever a man begins to disobey God's law in this universe he commences to drift into the self-imposed restraints of a narrower life, with smaller opportunities and more and more slavery, until at last he finds himself by sin after sin in a prison house of black despair, where his bondage is complete. There can be no darker, no more terrible hell than the ever-present con-

sciousness that a wicked man has that he is what he is. Milton in his description of Satan and his fall in *Paradise Lost* shows that Satan's worst punishment was in being what he himself was, for his own confession was, "Myself am hell." A noted criminal, who had served one long term in the state's prison and who was behind the bars for another extended sentence, said, "I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries, but my worst punishment is in being what I am."

Our highest liberty comes to us when we are under the control of law, and no soul can ever come to its highest and best estate unless it is dominated by some power higher, nobler, and grander than itself. The artist is never so free as when he is working within the restrictions and limitations of artistic law. The singer is never so free as when the voice in every way conforms to the laws of melody. The orator is never so free as when the powers of his eloquence conform to the laws of logic, the laws of rhetoric, and the laws of effective expression. So in the higher

realm of the moral law there is no freedom for a person unless he is an obedient servant of Almighty God. The only real liberty in God's universe is that which comes from doing God's will.

There stand out some of the thrones of history that tell the pitiful, dreadful story of abused liberty. Look yonder at that throne in the literary world filled by Scotland's gifted poet, Robert Burns. Nature had richly endowed him with intellectual power of the rarest kind. But in the fair name of liberty he gave unbridled license to appetite and passion until, by reckless dissipation, he had ruined his character and had wrecked his life. Look yonder at another throne in the literary world where one of the noblest and richest intellects this world ever produced began to reign. When Byron took hold of his scepter no man in the world exercised so large an intellectual dominion. But he gave himself up to wild, ungovernable license, which he mistook for liberty, trampling the laws of God and of man down into the mire of his own appetites and passions, and as

he drew near to the end of his wretched and miserable career, he wrote:

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

Look yonder at that throne in English history upon which sat Richard III, who in the fair name of liberty freed himself from all righteousness and from all the high ideals and the great truths of a just and noble life. He found at last that his greatest punishment lay in the fact that he could not escape from his own wicked personality, that he could not get rid of himself. As he lay there like a beggar in his tent, suffering all the horrors of a lost soul, with all those ghostly specters before him, that stood out in view as the tangible realities of his own sins, he cried out:

“My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.”

Just such pictures are common in all the walks of everyday life. Men and women once pure and noble have gone down into the mire and the clay of debased appetite and depraved passion and have found the hell of the most galling bondage, the most terrible suffering, when they have supposed that they were in pursuit of liberty. Sin will cause even men of great natural and acquired ability to play the fool. In native endowment Saul had a bright, keen, strong intellect and possessed great natural force of character. His reign began auspiciously, and his career might have continued clear on to the end as splendidly as it began if he had not chosen the way of evil. But he sinned against God and man, and it was unrestrained sin that put him to playing the fool. When his moral decline once began he went down swiftly. He turned against his best friend, Samuel. He was untrue to his own household. He betrayed his own son Jonathan. The royal palace was soon deserted. His soldiers broke out in mutiny against him, and the soil was

stained with blood. The people mourned for Saul, and the pathos of their grief was that their king had not fulfilled the golden prophecy of his youth. He was disobedient unto the heavenly vision that God gave him of what he might become. If he had obeyed that vision, it would have led him onward and upward to the noblest heights of character achievement. But he disobeyed that vision and was dragged downward until his very name became a blight and a curse. Saul erred exceedingly and played the fool.

The queenly city of Jerusalem in her palmiest days wore upon her fair brow a crown of glory, which was removed through her sin and disobedience. As a punishment for her sins that beautiful city was overthrown, the temple was destroyed, and the people were driven away into captivity. It is under the image of an interrupted feast that Jeremiah describes the condition of the people, and the picture is vividly drawn. In that far-away time the guest of honor at any Oriental feast often had a crown of flowers placed upon his

head. This was the figure used by the prophet in describing the appearance of Jerusalem during the time of her most joyous festivities. But in the period of her sorrowful decadence the elders are no longer to be seen at the gate administering the law. The young men are heard no more performing on their musical instruments. Joy has died out in the hearts of the people. Sad mourners have taken the place of rejoicing singers. Jeremiah laments the change, that has come through sin and disobedience: "The crown is fallen from our head; woe unto us that we have sinned." Men have been given the birth-right of kingship. But sin makes them aliens from the divine kingdom, removes from their heads the crown of their kingship, pulls them down from the throne of their power, and drags them into slavery.

When Benedict Arnold was living in London in his old age, a certain man once went to him and asked for letters of recommendation to some prominent parties in America. The aged traitor stood back, stricken aghast at the very suggestion.

— “What!” he said, most bitterly. “Ask letters of recommendation from me? Have you lost your reason? Do you not know that every honest American would curse the man who bore credentials with my signature? I have bartered away my birthright. My good name is gone forever.”

— Material prosperity may accompany evildoing for a time. But just retribution is bound to come in the end. The prevailing superficial view of sin, which is resulting in an ever-increasing laxity in the observance of God’s laws, should be recognized as one of the chief perils of our times. Sinners are being called only “the creatures of unfavorable circumstances” and “the victims of bad environment, over which they have had no control.” But sane men are never “the creatures of unfavorable circumstances,” nor are they ever “the victims of bad environment” in the sense that they are not responsible for their actions. No sane person who has come to years of maturity is in any true sense a creature of chance; but we are, rather, each one of us, the sum total of

results that have come from causes that we ourselves have set in motion. Men to-day sneer at the great fact of sin. It has been called "the result of the misadjustment of the faculties." It has been termed "an unfortunate but irresponsible tendency." Our common sense should teach us, entirely apart from theology, that there can be no such "misadjustment of the faculties" as to render men unaccountable for their conduct; and there does not exist such "an unfortunate but irresponsible tendency" as to render men not responsible for their actions. The great, ugly, omnipresent fact of sin cannot be eliminated from the problem of human life.

Men are always deluding themselves with the promise that they will repent before they go too far; but they do not take into proper consideration the terrible fact that sin takes away a man's crown of self-control. Men are always forgetful of the fact that yielding to minor temptations always paves the way to the commission of greater and still greater sins. Temporary consent with Satan glides at last into a

settled agreement. Once in the way of evil, there is always a tendency toward fixedness of character. Successive acts weave themselves into habits, habits into character, and character makes eternal destiny. Where a man's choices have been wandering away from the right track for a time habit will at last insist upon a fixed law as the rule and motive of his actions. The sinful preferences that have long been gratified at last will form a union with the powers of darkness; and the habits that have thus become established will lead the soul down to perdition.

The stone that is laid upon the foundation may be only a little out of plumb; but that mistake, if it is continued clear up the wall, will make the whole building unsafe. Thus it is that a person deceives himself in the matter of evil conduct. He views the actions of a given day simply with reference to what he has done the day before; and because he can discern such a little difference between those actions, that he thus puts so closely together, he flatters himself that there is just as little

difference between his present moral standard and what it was three or four years ago. But he forgets that his standard of conduct has been gradually brought down from a higher to a lower plane. His finer sensibilities have been steadily blunted. His moral judgment has become gradually perverted, so that his conscience is now far less sensitive to suggestions of right and duty. He fails to remember that by the aggregation of those minute mistakes, those minor omissions of duty, those little sins, he has already gone far away in the direction of evil.

The story is told that an eagle was seen to alight upon the body of a lamb frozen into a cake of floating ice on Niagara River three miles above the falls. While devouring the flesh of the lamb that eagle's claws became frozen into its fleece. When the king of birds neared the falls, unconscious of his bondage, he stooped and spread his powerful wings and leaped to flight; but in spite of a terrible struggle he was held fast and went down into the chasm. So the man who is indifferent to

the rebukes of conscience and careless of the hideous results that must come from sin thinks that he can at any time escape to safety. But when he wishes at last to free himself from the self-imposed bondage which he has unconsciously made he finds that his affections and desires are so entangled in sin that he cannot escape.

Only a little error at the marksman's hand becomes a wide divergence in the neighborhood of the target. So a little sin begun in the days of youth means a great deal of deviation from the right as it has gone on through the years. On a couch in yonder mansion there lies a man who is tossing in the critical hour of pneumonia or typhoid fever. The physician in charge, after the council has been held in the home with two of the greatest medical specialists in the city, tells the family that there is no hope. As they are leaving the house the family doctor remarks to the other two: "If he had lived a good life, we could save him. But fast living and dissipation have so undermined his constitution that there is nothing to build on."

We behold a young man, of a wealthy and aristocratic family, who is facing the possibilities of a great career. He has a circle of friends who represent the highest social standing. Large opportunities are beckoning to him. But he has taken his college curriculum in the most superficial manner possible; and in his professional course he has done only enough work to escape being dismissed from the institution. He has gone abroad and has lived a bohemian life at its worst. He is utterly unprepared for the large responsibilities that are inviting him, and will never measure up to the requirements. His sins of laziness and incompetency are sure to find him out. He will be compelled to reap the harvest of inevitable failure that comes from the sowing of his neglect. The crown is fallen from his head; and woe is unto him that he has sinned.

All history abounds with the sad records of those who have been acknowledged geniuses or endowed with great talent and who have started out splendidly, but, like Saul, they have made shipwreck of their

lives. Think of the great numbers of strong, proud, and noble ships upon the ocean of life that have been wrecked through gambling, drink, and lust. Think of the multitudes of lives that have begun so well but which through sin have ended as Saul's life did, in the depths of awful despair.

Charles Lamb was one of the quaintest and most delightful humorists in literature. While all the world laughed at his winsome humor, all the world was saddened at his self-imposed bondage. Can there be anything sadder than this awful cry of despair that came from Lamb when he knew that he was hopelessly enslaved by drink?—"The waters have gone over me. But out of the depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the first flavor of wine is delicious, look into my desolation; could he be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will; could he see his own destruction and have

no power to arrest it, yet could he feel it all emanating from himself; could he see all godliness empty out of him, yet not be able to forget the time when it was otherwise; could he bear about the piteous spectacle of his ruin; could he see my feverish eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of that folly; could he but feel the body of death, out of which I cry hourly, with feeble outcry, to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation!"

Edgar Allan Poe was an acknowledged literary genius. He wrote some poems that are immortal in literature, and that will be read and admired as long as the English language is spoken. Yet withal he was a slave to drink, and died as a result of his thralldom to drink. We have from Dr. J. J. Moran, the resident physician of the Washington Hospital in Baltimore, where Poe died, this harrowing record of his death: "Poe came to Baltimore on his way to Philadelphia. He was handsomely

dressed, and had with him an ample wardrobe neatly packed away in his trunk. Upon landing on the wharf from the Norfolk steamer he was greeted by some of his old and former associates. They insisted that they should all take a glass together for old acquaintance' sake, and the unfortunate poet yielded to these persuasions. This, the first drink which he had taken for several months, revived his latent appetite for drink, and the result was a terrible debauch, which ended in his death. He lost his trunk and all his wardrobe. When found he was clad in tattered garments and had on an old straw hat, which no one would have picked up in the streets. His appearance and condition were forlorn and pitiable in the extreme. He was brought to my hospital in this drunken and stupid state. Everything that medical skill and faithful nursing could suggest was done for him, but it was all to no purpose. He was either unconscious or delirious through the entire time, some sixteen hours, that he continued to live after entering the hospital, with but one short interval of

consciousness. When for a few moments reason returned, during that one short gleam of consciousness, he looked at me and said with great emphasis, 'Dr. Moran, give me a pistol that I may blow my brains out!' Then he suddenly relapsed into his former delirious condition and soon died."

Charles Stewart Parnell was for many years the remarkably keen and thoroughly trusted leader of the Irish cause in the English Parliament. As a speaker, reserved and dignified, he had a strong and rugged eloquence peculiar to himself. He had an unusual knowledge of parliamentary law, which served him well in the quick give-and-take of public debate. He seemed to have an unlimited measure of common sense and was dowered above all with a masterful will, which made him the acknowledged commander of others because he first governed himself. He began entirely alone, and fought his way upward step by step, until some of the greatest statesmen in Great Britain came to believe in him, to respect him, and to espouse his cause.

Gladstone at length became allied with him as an ardent supporter of home rule. He at this time was great enough to offer of his own accord to Mr. Gladstone to retire from public life altogether, if in his judgment such an action would be helpful to the Irish cause. When he and others of his party were accused by the London Times of complicity with the crimes and outrages committed by the extreme section of the Irish nationalist party, a commission of three judges was appointed by the British government to investigate. After a great deal of evidence had been received from both sides, a report was laid before Parliament by this commission acquitting him of all the graver charges against him. He sued the publishers of the Times for libel, and obtained a verdict of twenty-five thousand dollars against them. Almost any man with a clear eye for historic perspective would have said concerning Parnell at this time: "Here is a man who will live in history as one of the world's great figures." But the sin which destroyed Samson undermined him. It was long

covered up and concealed; but, like all sin, as it grew into mastery and control of the man's nature, it became bold and defiant. At last his shame was uncovered before all the world. He was proven to be the guilty corespondent in a divorce case, in which he had destroyed the domestic peace of a home by alienating the affections of a wife from her husband. Then he was asked to retire from the leadership of the Irish cause. He was shown that his cause would certainly fail unless he relieved it of his burden. Gladstone in a letter to John Morley stated that if Parnell continued to be leader, it would be disastrous in the highest degree to the cause of Ireland. Following the publication of this letter, he was deserted by the great majority of his Parliamentary followers. But his sin seemed to have changed his whole nature, so that he had lost the power to be self-denying or to do great and generous deeds. He fought vigorously to the last to maintain his position as leader of the Irish people. But as Lucifer fell like a star from heaven to the deepest hell, so

he fell from his leadership and from the respect of Christendom. He died as Samson died, broken-hearted and in shame.

Oscar Wilde was a man of brilliant intellect, one of Oxford's finest scholars, winning upon his graduation the Newdigate prize for English verse. Taking up his residence in London and devoting his time to literary work, his poems are marked by great beauty of thought and melody of movement. He was the author of a number of comedies which are remarkable for their sparkling, epigrammatic cleverness. Upon his visit to this country, as a distinguished apostle of æsthetics, he was given great receptions, and was the social lion of the four hundred in the largest cities of our land. His true character was not at that time known. But he was a man of the flesh, led away and controlled by his baser appetites. Instead of the spirit ruling the body, sensuality was the master. His crimes, when they were discovered, appalled all London, being paralleled only by the most infamous carnal indulgence of the Roman empire in the

days of its greatest decadence. He spent several years of his life in prison for unspeakable sins, and at last came to a miserable end.

His wife, who came from a fine family, with great charity and loyalty, had forborne from seeking even a judicial separation from her husband, after his consignment to prison at hard labor. But she found after his death that the smirched name of the man, who had been execrated by the best people of England, was too great a handicap for her two boys, who were everywhere shunned by the better class of people with whom they happened to come in social contact, as if they were afflicted with some contagious disease. So for their sakes she took the necessary legal steps and resumed her maiden name, and obtained permission for them to adopt it in lieu of that of their dishonored father.

All these men to whom reference has been made were kings in intellect; but they all erred exceedingly and played the fool. So we find here a teaching that appeals especially to the young man who

prides himself upon his intellectual ability. He would have it understood that he is nobody's fool, and that he is abundantly able to take care of himself. He would have it known that he can drink in moderation whenever he feels like it, gamble now and then whenever he is so disposed, and indulge in even worse practices than these whenever he is so minded; and yet he will never allow himself to be carried away or become enslaved by them.

Many young men have talked just that way who are now hopelessly wrecked in character, broken-hearted, eaten with remorse, and most pitiable fragments of men. Many a young man has started out in life as a wine drinker who has refused to become a total abstainer. He has regarded the obligation of total abstinence as an infringement upon his personal liberty, but he has ended his life in the wreck and ruin of the most terrible bondage.

When I was a small lad, in one of the homes of my boyhood, I knew the wreck of a man whom they called old Jack Christy. He had formerly been called the Hon.

John Christy, and was a man highly respected and esteemed in that community. He was a distinguished lawyer, well known for his extraordinary talents in that section of the State, having few equals and no superiors as an eloquent pleader before juries in the courts of that judicial district. He had a large law practice, which was constantly growing, was regarded as a rising politician, and was in great demand as a stump speaker. In public speech he had ready command of a large fund of information; he was witty, logical, and magnetic, and had the power to sway the multitudes at his will. Everyone who knew John Christy admired his brilliant talents and prophesied for him the brightest possible future. But he became a slave to drink. He exchanged a comfortable home for a miserable hovel, the garb of a gentleman for the rags of a pauper, manhood for beastliness, all that was good in him for all that was bad. Many a time did the saloon keepers of that place call him a miserable drunken loafer, take him by the collar and kick him out into the streets.

Once they had fawned upon him, courted his favor, flattered and praised him. But when he became a helpless slave to drink and a dirty, ragged pauper, they would not have him loafing around in their saloons because it hurt their business. He was such a dreadful example of what drink will always do that they could not sell drinks nearly as fast when they had him hanging around. Men came in who had known the Hon. John Christy, of only a few years before, looked upon him, and then went out without taking any drinks. So after the saloon keepers had ruined poor old John, body and soul, they made a practice of kicking him out. I have heard John B. Gough and some others of the most distinguished lecturers on intemperance upon the American platform. But the most convincing temperance lecture that I ever had given me came in the form of an object lesson when, as a boy, knowing so well his past history and what he might have been, I often saw poor old John Christy go staggering past my father's house. It was an object lesson that burned

itself into my very soul, and that has made me always to hate rum and the rum-traffic as I hate the devil. My father, as he told me the life story of John Christy, made me pledge eternal enmity against the drink power that had ruined him. Many a time as I saw John Christy go staggering past our house, I doubled up my chubby fist and said, "I'll fight that accursed thing that has ruined John Christy as long as I live."

The human body is by far the most beautiful, the most exquisite organization that has come from the hand of the Creator. The thoughtful psalmist declared, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." If that were true in the days of the psalmist, how much greater and grander is the truth in these times of such remarkable progress in physiological science! We can the more fully understand the force of the observation of Galen when he challenged any one, even after one hundred years of study, to find out the smallest bone or fiber of the human body that might be more commodiously placed either for practical use

or comeliness of form. The inspired apostle well likens man's body to a stately temple, well proportioned and perfect in all its parts; and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews represents Christ as saying to God the Father, "A body hast thou prepared me." These words, in a modified sense, may be used by every one of us. God has done for us what he did for Jesus Christ in that he has put each one of us in possession of a body that we are to take care of and to use only for the noblest ends.

George Macdonald gives sound advice to all those who are engaged in bringing up children where he counsels them to treat children as souls having bodies, rather than as bodies having souls. This mistake of regarding children as having souls rather than bodies is a mistake that all religious teachers are apt to fall into. This is the most common method of religious teaching, to be reminding people constantly that they have immortal souls, that God has given to them spiritual natures that must be cared for and cultivated. This is set forth in the stanza of the well known hymn:

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

That is the burden and the drift of nearly all evangelical appeals. But something very important is still left unsaid. It should be constantly and forcefully set forth as a clear and distinctive teaching that it is the mission of Christianity not merely to save souls but to save men; to save men's bodies as well as to save their souls. God has not only given to each one a soul, an invisible and immortal nature, that is to be fitted for a future life, but God has also given to each one a body that is to be kept as a fit temple for the dwelling place of the soul, and that is to be employed in this present life to serve the truest and the noblest ends.

The highest aim of every individual should be to take the best possible care of the body that God has prepared for him, and bring it to the greatest possible degree of culture and efficiency. This, therefore, should be a daily vow: "A body

thou hast prepared me, O God; and it shall be kept stainless and immaculate for thee.”

The most startling language in the whole Bible is that which is used to condemn the man who “sinneth against his own body.” Paul says, “The body is for the Lord; and the Lord for the body.” There is no principle more strongly insisted upon in the Scriptures than that contained in the precept, “Keep thyself pure.” There is no vice upon which is threatened more terrible punishment than the evil of unchastity. The Bible does not so much speak on this matter as it thunders—bolt after bolt, peal after peal—warning men of the awful consequences of carnal indulgence both in this life and in that which is to come. Secret sin against the body is the greatest curse of blossoming manhood. It takes the glow from the cheek, the brightness from the eye, and the virility out of the blood. It destroys the will power and the vital energy, weakens the intellect, impairs the memory, and paves the way to melancholy, insanity, and death. Social impurity is our nation’s unclean dragon

that is strewing the earth with the wrecks and ruins of what otherwise would have been some of the finest examples of noble manhood and womanhood. It is this abhorred spirit of lechery and lust, by whatever name it goes or under whatever guise it masquerades, that would lay its leprous finger upon the lips of virtue and command silence upon this subject, because it is a matter that is too delicate for discussion in public speech and print. But men surely have the God-given right to be as plain and as outspoken against this sin as the Bible is; and the Bible lifts up the most solemn voice of warning to all those who may be tempted to fall into the snares of her whose "house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." "She hath cast down many wounded. Yea, many strong men have been slain by her." "Her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead." "Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths. And thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed, and say, How have I

hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof.”

History unites with the Scriptures in teaching that nothing more swiftly and utterly works moral and physical ruin than this sin against bodily purity. Hartley Coleridge, the brilliantly endowed son of the great Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was a king in intellect, who in his early manhood gave promise of achievements of genius that would equal those of his distinguished father. But he became a slave to the demon of licentiousness, and speedily passed into a permanent eclipse and died a disappointment to himself and to his friends. When at the age of twenty-five, a physical wreck and with all his vital energies exhausted, he wrote upon the fly-leaf of his Bible:

When I received this volume small,
My years were barely seventeen,
When it was hoped I should be all
Which once, alas! I might have been.

And now my years are twenty-five,
And every mother hopes her lamb,
And every happy child alive,
May never be what now I am.

How many young men there are in our land who have been ruined by the demon of licentiousness, upon the fly-leaves of whose Bibles these lines might be appropriately yet sorrowfully written!

What does this demon of licentiousness really say to every young man? "Come to me, O young man, and I will sap your vital energies, and blight and blacken your future. I will put insuperable barriers in your way, that will mortgage you to death before you have had the opportunity to take the first steps in an honorable career, and I will foreclose my mortgage on you before you have any chance to succeed in life. I will send such throbs of pain along your nerves and muscles that they will make your body a living inferno. I will loosen your joints, and bend forward your frame so as to make you more and more like the four-footed beasts of the field. I will write my signature of infamy all over your person. I will put upon you eating ulcers, and turn your whole body into a lazar house of disease. I will send foul spirits to inhabit your breath, while every

pore of your body reeking with poison will cry out with the lepers of the olden time, 'Unclean!' ”

Talk with prominent city physicians about this sin of social impurity and your blood will run cold, as you hear how this dreadful cancer is eating its way into the very heart of our American life. Visit the wards in our great city hospitals, that are given over entirely to the care of the sufferers from social impurity, and you will there witness the physical torments of literal hells on earth, which will remind you of Doré's illustrations of Dante's *Inferno*; and, shuddering from these horrors, as you make your way from a region of "outer darkness" back once more into the light of God's open day, you will think of Dante's inscription over the doorway to hell: "All hope abandon ye who enter here."

The obligations of the marriage relation should be regarded as equally binding upon both husband and wife. Public opinion should be so changed in this land that it will come to stand upon a platform that shall insist upon two things: that it shall

mete out exactly the same condemnation to men offenders as it does to women transgressors of the law of social purity; that it shall also stand ready to help with equal heartiness the guilty woman back to a pure life, when she gives evidence of genuine repentance, as it is now to aid the repentant and often unrepentant guilty man.

We have all observed these outline facts again and again in the history of everyday life. A young man, who moves in aristocratic circles and who has wealth, under most sacred promises betrays sweet innocence. She, from that her first sin of this kind, turns downward. Is it much to wonder at, when nine tenths of the world stand ready to give her and her unfathered child a push toward hell? But how shamefully often it is the case that, after his sin has been proclaimed upon the very housetops, he is received into the highest social circles in the place where he lives. He is smiled upon by fond mothers, who would look with favor upon him as a prospective son-in-law. And

what is their comment? "O, yes. He is just a little wild. He has been somewhat fast. All young men have their time for sowing their wild oats, and he has sown his full share of them. But that is past now. He will settle down all right. He is so bright, so witty, so congenial. He has such charming manners, and then, you know, he is very well off." They say, "He is all right," and public opinion accepts their verdict. But as surely as there is a God in heaven, that man, unless he repents of his great sin and seeks to make full amends for his monstrous wrong, will eventually, either in this world or in some other world, receive his just punishment.

The day will come when womanhood will demand just such purity of the manhood that it weds as manhood everywhere now demands of the womanhood that it weds. I would that we might have a national brotherhood of men, that would take in all ranks and classes of men, who would pledge themselves to treat all women with respect and would seek to protect

them from wrong and degradation; who would endeavor to put down all indecent language and obscene stories; who would seek in every way possible to give to their boys and younger brothers proper information concerning the sexual laws of their being and to warn them most earnestly against the sin of social impurity; who would maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women; and who would give daily obedience to the command, "Keep thyself pure."

Christ has given a very impressive picture of a young man who played the fool for a time, who demanded and received his share of the patrimony, who journeyed into the far country and there spent his substance in riotous living. That young man erred exceedingly and played the fool; but the moment he resolved to return to his father's house he stopped playing the fool and became a man. For the most of men who go in the way of evil it is but a short distance into the far country; but it is such a long way back that a man never will get back to the Father's house

unless he comes by the way of the cross. Sometimes a young man will travel away from honor and rectitude countless leagues in one single act. That young man now beginning his sentence behind the bars as a defaulter, only six short months ago was classed among the highly respectable people of the community where he lived. What a short distance he had to travel to get into the far country, when he took the few minutes to forge the note, which led to his trial, conviction, sentence and imprisonment, and what a long and weary way it now seems to him to get back to the place of respect and esteem in which he was once held! What an almost infinite distance it seems to be between that yesterday, only a few brief months ago, with its serene peace and calm beauty, and to-day with its flush and fever of shame, its deep reproach, its bitter remorse, its darkness and its heartbreak. When we start on our journey back from the far country we find that God comes a good deal more than half way to meet us at the cross of Christ. We never will get

back to the Father's house unless we come by the way of Calvary. At last, when this young man came to himself, when he struck bottom, when he got hold of the last thing that was left, himself, when he came to his own conscience, his own heart and his own intellect, then he was thoroughly aroused, then he said, "I will arise and go to my father." Into whatever sin we may go, and whatever distance we may travel into the far country, whenever we feel our own urgent need of the Father and decide to return to him, we will always find him waiting to welcome us. "All the fitness he requireth is to feel our need of him;" and as we thus come to our best selves, and come back from the far country by way of Calvary, we may look up and see Some One else ready to meet us there at the cross, our Father, who will willingly receive us.

VI

THE NO-GOD FOOL

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—*Bacon*.

In its investigations of questions of origins science has made a discovery. It has seen plainly that atheism is unscientific. It is a remarkable thing that atheism, after trailing its black length for centuries across European thought, should have its doom pronounced by science.—*Henry Drummond*.

The inward conviction, the craving for a final cause, the theistic assumption, is itself one of the master facts of the universe and is as much entitled to respect as any fact in physical nature can be.—*John Fiske*.

VI

THE NO-GOD FOOL

THE Syrian sky, into which the psalmist had so often looked, is amazingly clear; so free from fogs, mists, and clouds that through the most of the year with the unaided vision one is enabled to study the movements of the heavenly bodies. That luminous firmament and its unclouded skies account for some very considerable achievements that were gained in astronomy in the Oriental countries long before the telescope was invented. The psalmist had spent many a night out in the open in Palestine in that wonderfully transparent atmosphere gazing up at the silent, sentinel stars. The longer he observed and studied and meditated the more did he become aware of the vastness, the grandeur, and sublimity of the works of creation, and the more did he come to believe in the existence of an all-wise Creator. There

came to him the strong conviction, which finds expression in so many portions of the Psalms, that all these marvelously created works must have back of them a Divine Framers and Creator. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork." He had grown to have such a strong, all-mastering confidence in the existence of a God that it had become at last a fundamental belief. It was an assurance that had taken such a hold upon his very soul that he was driven to the conclusion that it was only the fool who could say in his heart, "There is no God." This assertion that there is no God is not the verdict that results from a careful examination of existing evidence, but it comes always from shallow investigation.

The universe is one vast procession of effects that are related to causes. What we at first call causes, on a closer inspection and analysis resolve themselves into effects. But every effect must have a cause that is adequate to the effect. As only an Almighty Cause can be efficient

for such vast and varied effects, the great original fontal cause must be God, the Father Almighty.

We find design evident everywhere. Design implies mind; mind implies thought; thought implies a thinker; a thinker implies a person. Thus step by step we rise to the conception of an Almighty Person, who is above us and around us.

We find in our environment that we are bound in upon every side by limitations that are incident to our own finiteness. But all these intimations, suggestions, evidences of our finiteness point to the existence of an Infinite One, who is uncircumscribed and unlimited as to his powers and abilities. We cannot have the finite without premising the Infinite.

The illusive phantom of the ideal, that is always before us and that is never fully attained, points irresistibly to a perfect Personality and Character, who is the causal source, from whom the inspiration of all our own ideals must come. The master in literary work is never fully satisfied with even the best products of his

pen. After many weary months spent in most careful composition and in constant correction and revision, even then his production comes far short of what he thinks it ought to be. The sweetest music, the finest painting, the most perfect statuary, the sublimest eloquence, are never quite equal to the demand of the highest ideal of the true musician, the real artist, the genuine orator.

No great thinker ever lived and taught you
All the wonder that his soul received;
No true painter ever set on canvas
All the glorious vision he conceived.

We, in all our noblest efforts to be kind and patient, sincere and honest, good and true, are continually falling short of our highest ideals. These shortcomings, these failures, this incompleteness, and the fact that owing to our limitations we are never fully satisfied here, show that we are eventually to find complete satisfaction in God and in a future life that is uncircumscribed.

We also find that man is possessed of

a conscience, and that conscience stands for righteousness. Therefore there must be some righteous Cause, of which such conscience, protesting for righteousness, is the effect. If conscience is the voice of God in man, telling him that he ought to do what his judgment prompts him is right, then the conclusion is simply overwhelming that there must be back of the voice a holy and a righteous personal God, who thus speaks in and through man. No conviction lays hold of us with such force as the power of conscience. What Kant called "the moral imperative" asserts its sway over the human mind and heart. The ear would not hear if there were no atmosphere. The eye could not see if there were no light. So the soul would not tremble under its obligation if there were no God.

But men in our time are not content to take the position of the Bible and to assume the existence of a God without attempting to prove it. They must argue him in or out of the universe. The battle of theism has been a long and a fierce one. But there is no question but that on the

field of argument theism has won the fight.

Yet it is only fair to say that the form of the theistic argument has changed with the passing of the years. We do not now place the emphasis upon the argument from design, which Paley thought so strong. We are most impressed by the moral argument. We look not so much to the world without as to the life within for the evidence of the living God. We are sure of some things. We know there is life, for we live. We know there is thought, for we think. We know there is a God, for we yearn and long for the help of a higher power than human power. We know that God is because there is implanted within the human soul the desire to worship him.

We find in nature no organic instinct ever given without its proper environment. The cushioned foot of the camel has the desert sands. The fin of the fish is environed by water, the wing of the bird by the air, the migrating instinct by climate, the ear by sound, and the eye

by light. So we are driven by logical necessity to the belief that this great thirst that has been placed within every human soul for the living God is one of the strongest evidences that God is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him. Just as the vine mounts continually upward, because it is in love with the light and desires to greet the light, so human souls everywhere reach out after God, "if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being."

When the dove flew forth from Noah's hand out of the window of the ark, and then after flying hither and thither over the vast expanse of waters, unable to find any resting place, flew back to the hand that had let it go, it gives to us a picture of the soul seeking earthly pleasures, and yet always driven back to God, who alone can satisfy. Abraham was not satisfied with the things of earth, for he was constantly looking forward to his final entrance into that "city which hath foun-

dations, whose builder and maker is God.” Moses was not satisfied, for he esteemed “the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt. He had respect unto the recompense of the reward. He endured as seeing him who is invisible.” David was not satisfied, although he had many things to cause him to rejoice. He lived in a palace, surrounded by luxury and possessing everything that the heart could desire upon the material side. Yet in the midst of his palatial and luxurious surroundings he longed for a sense of the Divine Presence: “My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.”

Man comes to his best life only in proportion as he recognizes the presence and authority of an almighty and beneficent God. He comes to his noblest self only when he believes in a God from whom he may learn his duty. He finds peace of mind and heart only as he believes in a God to whom his love can go out with strong yearning and in whom his troubled and despondent soul may find satisfaction. God and man belong to each other, and

the soul will never find rest until it finds rest in him.

Men like George John Romanes, who during his day was a most prominent figure among English scientists and the highly esteemed personal friend of Charles Darwin, have by the formal processes of their own subjective logic been brought to renounce agnosticism and to make an enthusiastic and personal acceptance of the faith of Christianity. Many of this class, who have made science the ultimate appeal in all rational inquiry, and have left no basis or sphere for religion, have not been able to rid themselves of the ineradicable longing and thirsting for God. They have found that the heart has fundamental premises which are valid even if reason cannot fathom their meaning. They have perceived that logical processes are not the only means of research in regions transcendental. They have ascertained that reason is not the only attribute of man, nor is it the only faculty which he habitually employs for the ascertainment of truth. They have discovered that moral

and spiritual faculties are of no less importance in their respective spheres, even in dealing with the problems of everyday life.

If we believe in God, we must believe in the divine Fatherhood. Among the large number of references that are made to the Supreme Being in the Old Testament he is mentioned just seven times as Father. Five times he is referred to as the Father of the Hebrew people. Once the promise came to David that God would be a Father to his son, Solomon; and once the prophecy was made that in the future men would pray to God as their Father, a prediction that was fulfilled in the Sermon on the Mount, when Christ taught men to say, "Our Father." In the Old Testament there is no record of any prayer in which God is addressed as Father. We have the recorded words of several prayers in which the holy men of God called upon him by those names by which they best knew him, but there is not a single one in which they call upon him as Father. They had always known

him as the Eternal, the Creator, the Captain of the armies of heaven, the Judge, the Lord of Hosts, the Self-Existent One, the Supreme Ruler. But this conception of God as the Father in heaven was very far removed from the thoughts of the patriarchs and of the multitudes to whom was addressed the Sermon on the Mount.

The New Testament is the only real text book upon the Fatherhood of God that has ever been given to the world. Christ was the first and the greatest teacher of this doctrine, and he so wove his own personality into its teaching that he made men believe it and love it, feel it and live by it. Christ taught this doctrine repeatedly, and in his preaching it was a constantly recurring topic. The expressions: "The Father," "Our Father," "My Father," "Your Father," occur nearly one hundred times within the four Gospels. During the three years of Christ's earthly ministry he no doubt gave utterance to the thought that God is our Father more times than it had appeared in all the uninspired literature of all nations since

the world began. Because some grains of gold have been found here and there in nearly all our Western States they are not therefore spoken of as gold-bearing States in the sense in which California and Alaska are spoken of as gold-bearing States. Some few grains of this teaching of the Fatherhood of God may be found here and there scattered throughout all the world's literature that was produced up to the time of Christ. But the superabundance of the teaching in the New Testament is such, as found in the words of Jesus, as to give to him the preeminent title as the greatest teacher of this doctrine. Christ taught that God is our Father; that he upholds us in the hands of his loving providence; that he pardons our offenses, having borne in his own heart, by the death of his Son, the burden of our guilt; that he perfects our natures and rounds out our characters into symmetry and beauty by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; and that he will at last bring us to the heavenly home, where our joy will be made complete and perfect, because of his presence.

How wonderfully that promise of Jesus clarifies our views of God!—"In my Father's house are many mansions." He here shows that God is our Father, that he has a home, that that home is vast, embracing many mansions. There are some men who seek by vague definitions and by unmeaning terms to put God just as far away from the reach of humanity as possible. They call him "the Unknowable," "the Absolute," "the Independent," "the Power not ourselves that works for righteousness," "the Infinite Geometrician," "the Universal Force." But Jesus does not do any such thing as that. He teaches that God has a conscious existence and is therefore a substantial, an existing Personality.

The best religious thought of our day seeks to interpret God in the light of his Fatherhood. We have had in philosophy and in theology almost endless speculation about the nature of God. The successive ages have viewed him in different lights. Our fathers looked upon him as a world ruler. His kingship, greatness, power, and

majesty stood at the front. His will was everything; men were little or nothing. Then came the idea of God as governor, conceived under the form of a human executive, and who must be just and holy as any ideal governor has to be. Theology under this teaching became cold, formal, and official, and the atonement, the richest doctrine of the Christian faith, became dominated by the forensic element. But our generation has a far deeper and truer thought of God. God is not a being sitting apart from the universe and watching it as he might watch some immense clock of infinite proportions which he had wound up and left to run down. God is immanent and active, purposing, overruling, guiding and working in human affairs. We no longer hold to that old mediæval conception of a transcendent God, who is located apart from the world, as an onlooker at its struggles, and only occasionally interfering by superhuman portents and prodigies. Science and faith now both unite in the belief in an immanent God, who is everywhere present in nature and

in grace, who reveals to men his glorious purposes, and who asks that they shall be workers together with him in the work of the world's redemption. We no longer hold to the thought of a far-away God, with whom we have only legalistic and formal relations in his government over us, but we believe in God as the One "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

The agnostic holds to the position that he will not believe anything unless it is something that he himself has seen, and that he will not accept anything unless it is something that he has experienced or of which he has been personally cognizant. Yet competent testimony is a well-established source of knowledge. The most of all that we know is based upon testimony. All that we apprehend of the past history of other races and of other ages is thus derived. All that we learn of the places, the cities, and the countries of the world, except those we have visited, comes from the same source. All the legal business of all lands and nearly all the business which men prosecute daily rest also upon the

same foundation. Can you conceive of a more ridiculous position than that of anyone who should declare, "I will not believe anything unless it is something I myself have seen, nor will I accept anything unless it is something I have experienced or of which I have been personally cognizant"? If all should take that position, the wheels of the world's commerce would be blocked, trade would be paralyzed, all confidence between man and man would be destroyed, and the bonds that hold society together would be shattered into fragments. The modern agnostic professes to be a very keen logician. He delights in dwelling upon the sophisms, the defective reasoning, and the changing views of different systems of belief as proving that there is no basis of certainty for anything. He enjoys putting up one system against another and then showing how the one destroys the other. He is continually pointing us to the dark segments of the sphere of knowledge, and declaring that we are certain of only one thing—namely, that we do not know anything with certainty.

Ask the modern agnostic, "Is there a God?" and he answers, "We know nothing about it." "Has man a soul? Is this soul immortal? Is there a future life? Is there a place of reward and punishment? Is man an accountable being before a higher tribunal than this world?" And he answers, "All these things are unknown and unknowable."

The pantheist affirms that the universe, the all, is God. But if God is our Father, he is surely a conscious Person. He understands, he knows, he loves, he feels and wills and thinks. These qualities can be affirmed only of a conscious person, of a God who is our Father. Renan in one of his pantheistic books written many years ago uses this expression, "Our Father the Abyss." That man must regard himself as of no more value than the inanimate rock, than insensate matter, who regards that Power "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," as only a blind, unyielding impersonal force. That man must indeed feel himself to be an orphan, who above and beneath and beyond,

amid all environment, can find no father but an Abyss—bottomless, boundless, sightless, thoughtless. But there is just one word in Christ's Sermon on the Mount that at once dissipates all atheistic, agnostic, pantheistic and materialistic fogs, and that word is "Father."

The right and truthful conception of the divine character must form the foundation of true faith. "Without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Yet we cannot have faith in a Being whom we cannot love. The command is: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." But it is presupposed in the giving of this command, that God is a being who is in every way worthy of all our love. If God be an unjust, an unkind, a cruel and revengeful despot, then (I say it reverently) even the command to love him does not make it right to love him. The righteousness of loving God does not

consist merely in obedience to an outward, an external command to love him, but it consists in that instantaneous and abiding recognition within ourselves of those lovable qualities of character that we may find in him as "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." So, then, if the Christian religion is to win men everywhere to love God, it must present God as a Being who is in every way worthy of such love.

The ancients separated their gods from man, sometimes fancying them to be on the raging ocean, sometimes in the forests, sometimes on the mountain tops, sometimes in the clouds. But they dwelt far away from man, so that when they were wanted they could never be found. If any man would receive favor from them, they must be propitiated, conciliated, and cajoled by many sacrifices and offerings. But it is the glory of our blessed Christianity that God comes here to us. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." After Christ had entered upon the work of his public ministry, at his command diseases

fled. The deaf heard, the blind saw; the lame walked; lepers were cleansed. Devils departed from the bodies of those whom they had possessed; the dead rose up from their graves; the chainless winds were hushed, and the angry waves grew calm. Heaven, earth, and hell were alike subject to his omnipotent control. As the great Teacher he was never weary of receiving any who were willing to receive him. As a worker of miracles he was ever performing deeds of compassion for the poor, the afflicted, and the helpless. As the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world he suffered upon the cross, the just for the unjust, praying for his murderers: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." This same Jesus is our God, for his name is "Emmanuel, God with us." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

That God who has been represented as being in partnership with men for breaking bones and sinews upon the barbarous rack of torture and burning heretics at the stake; that God who has been portrayed

as taking delight in human suffering and misery; that God who has been depicted as taking far more pleasure in the punishment of the wicked than in the deeds of the righteous; that God, be it ever remembered, is not the God who reigns in the heavens. He is not the God of the Bible. He is not the God of true Christianity. He is not the God who has been revealed in the person of Jesus Christ. That God is a horrible myth. That God is a vile creation, that has sprung from the fanatical imaginations of bigoted men. That God, or, rather, that base, that false and ignoble idea of God, never has been worthy of the love of man. "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever: he hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." "God sent

not his son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved."

When you are wearied out with the work and the battle of this laborious life, and are longing for home and rest and love; when you are saddened by losses and bereavements, and are longing for that consolation and sympathy which the world cannot give you; when you find that temptation is becoming too strong for you, and you cry out with Paul: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—Ah! then remember that God is thy Father, and that "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." Our Father! blessed relationship! That Christ should appropriate such language as this for himself does not seem strange to us. But that he should instruct us to take such words upon our own sinful lips may well lead us to exclaim, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon

us, that we should be called the sons of God."

If we believe in God, we must believe in the universal human brotherhood. Christ came to proclaim the common brotherhood of all races and classes of men, by revealing God as our Father. He showed himself to be the friend of publicans and sinners. He manifested equal sympathy for the slave in chains, the beggar by the wayside, the prince in the palace, and the ruler on the throne. The whole bearing and spirit of his life proclaimed this great divine principle of the human brotherhood. We may find in this grand principle of the essential equality of man, and his individual responsibility to a heavenly Father, some of the germ principles of the world's greatest reforms, some of which have already been achieved and many others to be accomplished in the years to come. It was this dual principle of fatherhood and brotherhood taught by Christ that inaugurated the mightiest social and moral revolution that the world has ever known: "One is your teacher, and all ye

are brethren. One is your Father even the heavenly. One is your guide even the Christ." The world has been a long time in learning the great lesson of the universal human brotherhood as taught by the Christ. When that lesson is fully learned a large majority of the much discussed questions between capital and labor will be forever settled, for then we shall be under the sway of obedience to the Golden Rule.

The English barons at Runnymede were inspired by the claims for essential equality and for the rights of the individual conscience when they wrested from despotic King John the Magna Charta, which is the foundation of all Anglican liberty to-day. The keynote of the Magna Charta is sounded in that declaration, which lay at the very basis of it: "No freeman shall be seized, or imprisoned or dispossessed, or outlawed, or in any way brought to ruin. To no man will we sell or delay or deny justice or right."

Wickliffe, the bright morning star of the Reformation, threw back the strong

light of a most vigorous life upon the pathway that led his followers to the more perfect day. He was a true Protestant, for he protested with all the might of his great soul that every man has the right to examine the Bible for himself, that no man has the right to make another's conscience his slave.

When Luther nailed his theses to those cathedral doors at Wittenberg every blow that Luther struck with his hammer was a blow for the rights of the individual conscience.

Our own forefathers, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, caught the spirit of Magna Charta, the spirit of Wickliffe, the spirit of Luther, the spirit of Christ, when they said, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

When men learn that they all belong to a great brotherhood it will make them literal philanthropists, lovers of men. When

they learn that Jesus Christ by the grace of God hath tasted death for every man that knowledge will tend to change haughty Levites into good Samaritans. When they recognize the full force of the "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you," that will increase our missionary funds, our church building funds, our college and hospital endowment funds, a hundred fold.

The Macedonian call, "Come over and help us," is coming from all those who are in degradation and in darkness. All these are our brothers, whether the skin be black or brown or red or yellow or white; all, whether they be ignorant or educated, wicked in conduct or righteous in character. They are all our brothers, and as brethren may we learn to "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." He who discerns the signs of the times cannot fail to discover that all things are tending toward establishing the claims of the universal human brotherhood. May that time be as near at hand as it seems to be when the clash of arms in warfare and in carnage shall be heard no more.

When the war-drums throb no longer,
And the battle-flags are furled;
In the Parliament of men,
The federation of the world.

The watchword of the gospel of Christ is a fraternity as broad as humanity. When men learn to feel these ties and claims of the universal, human brotherhood, the South Sea islander and the Hottentot, Negro and Indian, will rise into the dignity of men who are our brothers. The poor man engaged in his struggle for his daily bread, the bootblack, the chimney sweep, the newsboy, all engaged in daily toil, may be comforted and elevated by the thought that they are the children of the same common Father with us all.

If we believe in God, we must believe in a future life. The belief in a future life is a God-given principle, that is innate within every human breast. Man in every condition of society, both civilized and savage, has universally believed in a future life. The deep yearnings of the human heart in all ages declare this belief in a future life. Therefore this omnipresent, un-

deniable, indestructible, ineradicable fact must prove to us that this is God's own affirmative answer given everywhere to man's question: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Is it reasonable to suppose that God, who knows so well this innate yearning for immortality, which he himself has formed and has placed within every human breast, should fan this yearning until it becomes a perfect flame of desire, and then at death cruelly rob us of everything that is dearest to us? You could not imagine any human father who was sane who would create within the eager heart of his own little child some fond desire and then nourish and feed that intense longing for some coming great boon, to which the child is led to look forward with the greatest hope and expectancy of realization, and then at last be brought to the most bitter, the most crushing disappointment. Such a parent would be an inhuman monster who would not deserve the name of father. And yet that is just the position taken by those who deny the palpable connection

between this innate, universal yearning for a future life and the omnipotent, loving Father, who has placed this unquenchable longing within every human breast, and who purposes to satisfy this inherent desire with a glad and triumphant fulfillment. We deny totally the righteousness of God if we say that he has created within us the desire for immortality and then cheats and deceives us by destroying us. Belief in God and in the future life go together; they are inseparable. If we believe in God, we must believe in a future life.

If we admit the fact that there is a divine government, we acknowledge with that very admission that there is a future life, for a future life is necessary in the plans of a divine government for the righting of wrongs, for securing equity and justice for those who have never had them in this life. If joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, gratification and wretchedness, as experienced in this life, are the only rewards and punishments, then their distribution is such as to outrage man's sense

of justice. If the moral government of God is limited to this life only, then it is most unjust. If God is just and wise and good, as we all believe him to be, all wrongs will some day be righted. All will receive their just deserts of reward and punishment, which they have failed to receive here, and justice will some day be done to those who have suffered great injustice here. Thus there comes to everyone the demand for a future, where there shall be a "remedy for every wrong, a satisfaction for every soul"; where the ideal of justice shall be revealed in which the good shall receive the reward of the good, and the wicked the reward of the wicked; where all the maladjustments and incongruities of this life shall be made forever right. Belief in a divine government and in a future life go together; they are inseparable. If we believe in a divine government, we must believe in a future life.

The princely, the magnificent endowment of man's mental and moral nature shows that the problem of life cannot be solved without immortality. Man's insa-

tiable thirst for knowledge is here never fully satisfied. His capacity for loving and being loved cannot be circumscribed by the narrow limitations of this brief present life. These facts, that are inwrought within us all, show that immortality alone can satisfy the value of the unknown quantity in the equation of life. God, our Creator, nowhere else in this wide world has made such a miscalculation in the relation between the given energy and the work to be accomplished by that energy as would be at once manifest in case death means final extinction. God everywhere recognizes the economy of forces, and he would not have given to man such a magnificent endowment of mental and moral qualities if they were only for exercise and use during this little earthly life. God has not made man like the skyrocket, that climbs so quickly to its zenith, flames out its beauties for one brief moment, and then is swallowed up in the inclosing darkness. He has shown to us clearly the principle of an orderly and masterly administration everywhere in the realm of material things,

and he has manifested the same principle in the creation and endowment of man. He has not so blundered in his adjustments as to equip man with a wealth of intellectual activity sufficient for the ages of ages, and then decreed that he should have no use for his princely endowments after the brief span of the earthly life is over. Why was man so richly endowed, if all that he has and all that he now is, is to come to naught? Why all this waste of such splendid mental and moral powers? If man, with all the God-given powers with which he has been endowed, be mortal and perishable; if he is to sink at the coming of death into annihilation, then he is only an utter waste of creative energy.

There are bonds of human love that link us to a future life in a chain which cannot be broken. Are these cries from the fountain of unsatisfied love, a love which is conscious of a power for growing and enlarging throughout future endless years, always to be answered only by the empty echoes of our own cries? Are these sacred friendships and holiest affections harshly

severed by death, when those holding them have only just begun to feel the sweet ecstasy of loving and being loved, to remain forever broken and sundered? Are the yearnings of our hearts to rejoin our loved and lost to remain forever unrequited? Reason gives to these questions the overwhelming negative. Love feels that it has an undying fervor and intensity that go beyond the "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust." Love is assured that the passion of the heart survives all the onslaughts of materialism. Love believes

Since He who knows our need is just—
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

What is excellent
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Hearts' loves will meet thee again.

We cannot believe in the justice and the goodness of God if we believe that the grave is the end of all. We cannot believe in the Fatherhood of God if we deny immortality to man.

The revelation of nature furnishes still farther evidence in the light of conscience. It has already been noticed that the voice of conscience in man, which speaks for righteousness, must point with unerring finger to an omnipotent righteous Personality back of the voice that thus speaks. If conscience thus goes to prove the existence of a God, it is equally conclusive in establishing the fact of immortality. The deepest organic instincts of conscience have in all nations and in all ages predicted rewards and punishments after death. Shakespeare recognized that in the presence of death "conscience makes cowards of us all" and that "the dread of something after death makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." This prophetic instinct in conscience is not the result of education, but it belongs to the original structure of human nature. It must be that it points to reality, or else, as Joseph Cook has said, "Conscience itself is an organized lie." It has already been observed that in the revelation of nature no organic instinct is

ever given without its proper environment. So the existence of these omnipresent, undeniable, unquestionable instincts of conscience in normal human nature, leads us to anticipate rewards and punishments after death. Therefore the inevitable conclusion is that death does not end all, because we cannot be rewarded and punished where we do not personally exist. Sir Oliver Lodge, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in his famous address before that body at Birmingham upon the subject of "Continuity," asserted his belief in the persistence of personality after bodily death, and rebuked the negative scientific spirit of the age, which tends to deny the existence of anything which makes no appeal to the organs of sense. He asserted that unitary conception of the universe, which naturally leads the thought to God, and announced his conviction of continuing life after death founded on scientific research.

The doctrine of a future life is nowhere formally asserted in the Old Testament, yet it is clearly taught in many instances

by implication, just as the doctrine of the belief in the existence of a God is nowhere formally declared in the Old Testament, it being everywhere assumed and implied without formal statement. Many of the earliest patriarchs have left upon record clear and explicit testimonies as to this belief in a future life. They all confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims upon earth, declaring plainly that they sought another country, that is, a heavenly. The psalmist believed it when he said, "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." Isaiah was assured of it when he affirmed, "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise." David was fully persuaded of the reality of a future life when he declared concerning the child that had been taken from him by death, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." The Old Testament everywhere implies this doctrine of a future life because it clearly teaches that man possesses a spiritual nature which allies him to another and a higher sphere,

and which points irresistibly to a continuance of the life of the spirit in a heavenly realm. The sixteenth Psalm, for example, abounds throughout with expressions of trust in God, and love for the One who is always at our right hand and who protects and keeps us. The psalmist breaks out in glad confidence: "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope. Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." This is one of the few instances in the Old Testament in which the heart of the sacred writer becomes so full of an abounding faith in immortality that it overflows in most joyous utterances of hope. The very essence of this trust is that the psalmist feels that he has partaken of the divine nature. Something of the holiness of God has been implanted within his breast. Therefore God cannot and will not suffer him to be annihilated. So this clear teaching of the Old Testament is that man possesses a spiritual nature, an immortal

spirit that is capable of taking into itself the divine nature. He has a capacity for holiness that may be filled with the holiness of God. Such an one comes to feel that he is born of God, that he is a child of God and an heir of God. He is convinced, he knows, that he cannot be confined in the grave, and that his true place is in the heavens with God, of whose nature he now partakes, and to whose everlasting kingdom he must belong.

The New Testament gleams with the glory and splendor of the light that it throws upon this doctrine of a future life. Zacharias declared in exultant song before the birth of this mightiest of conquerors, the conqueror of death, "The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." The triumphant song of the angelic hosts over the plains of Bethlehem, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," is in the same key. There never could be peace on earth without the victory over death. Then come the works of the Master, lifting dead bodies from

their couches into all the fullness of their lost health, and calling them back from the loathsome corruption of the tomb to strength and to life again. Then come the words of the Master, most fitting to accompany such mighty works, announcing himself to be the resurrection and the life, and that whosoever liveth and believeth in him should never die; saying that in three days he would raise up the temple of his body, that he had power to lay down his life and to take it again, speaking of the many mansions of his Father's house, and repeatedly declaring that this life is but the beginning of the life that is everlasting.

There are no other facts of ancient history that are sustained by such an array of evidence, external and internal, as the facts of the life, death, and the resurrection of Christ. Christ based his whole mission and ministry upon his resurrection. If he did not rise, then he was a falsifier. But to a confessedly sinless character this was impossible. A falsity could not have brought about the wonderful transformation

in the apostles, who were suddenly changed from a condition of the deepest despair to that of the utmost courage. The apostles had every opportunity for thoroughly satisfying themselves as to the truth or the falsity of the resurrection of Christ, and they had the most absolute faith in the resurrection as a fact. This is shown from their placing their hopes and their preaching upon the resurrection of Christ as a foundation that could not be shaken. It is only the fact of the resurrection that can account for the marvelous change that took place in the spirit and character of the apostles. Fraud or fiction could never have brought about the mighty moral revolution that was wrought in the lives of these men. The resurrection completely transformed them. It inspired them with a new conception of Christ's kingdom as for all people, and filled them with a zeal and enthusiasm which could know no limits as they engaged in work for Christ.

When Peter, only a few months after Christ's resurrection, made his masterly de-

fense before the Sanhedrin, it was grounded upon the great fact of a risen Christ. How utterly Peter's argument would have been demolished if the Sanhedrin could have produced the dead body of Christ! They did not dare try to produce it, and they did not dare so much as to suggest a doubt of the resurrection of Christ. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, which contains that remarkable argument on the resurrection in the fifteenth chapter, was written within twenty-seven years of the actual resurrection, and Paul fearlessly appeals to more than two hundred and fifty yet living witnesses of the fact.

"Jesus and the resurrection" was the one theme that the apostles everywhere proclaimed. It was the creed by which they lived and the one by which they were most glad and willing to die. For them "to live was Christ, to die was gain." Stephen went home rejoicing. Paul hailed the day of his departure with the greatest joy. Peter looked forward with the utmost eagerness to his coming day of deliverance. John said, with that spirit of confidence

born of absolute certainty: "We know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." The stupendous change of the Sabbath day from the seventh to the first day of the week is a perpetual memorial of the resurrection. The very existence of the Christian Church proves it, for the resurrection was the corner stone of the apostolic teaching and preaching. The resurrection of Christ is not only a proof of the truth of Christianity, but it is a proof of our own immortality. Materialism affirms that death is a wall; the resurrection clearly shows that it is a door into a larger life. Jesus entered into death, passed through it triumphantly, and emerged on the other side in glorious life. Because he lives we shall live also. We have a living church because we have a living Christ. The works that have been wrought by Christ and by a living Christianity in this world ever since his resurrection are a proof that he who has thus wrought and who is now working these wonders is a risen and a regnant Christ.

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